THE SEARCH FOR THE APACHE KID'S DAUGHTER

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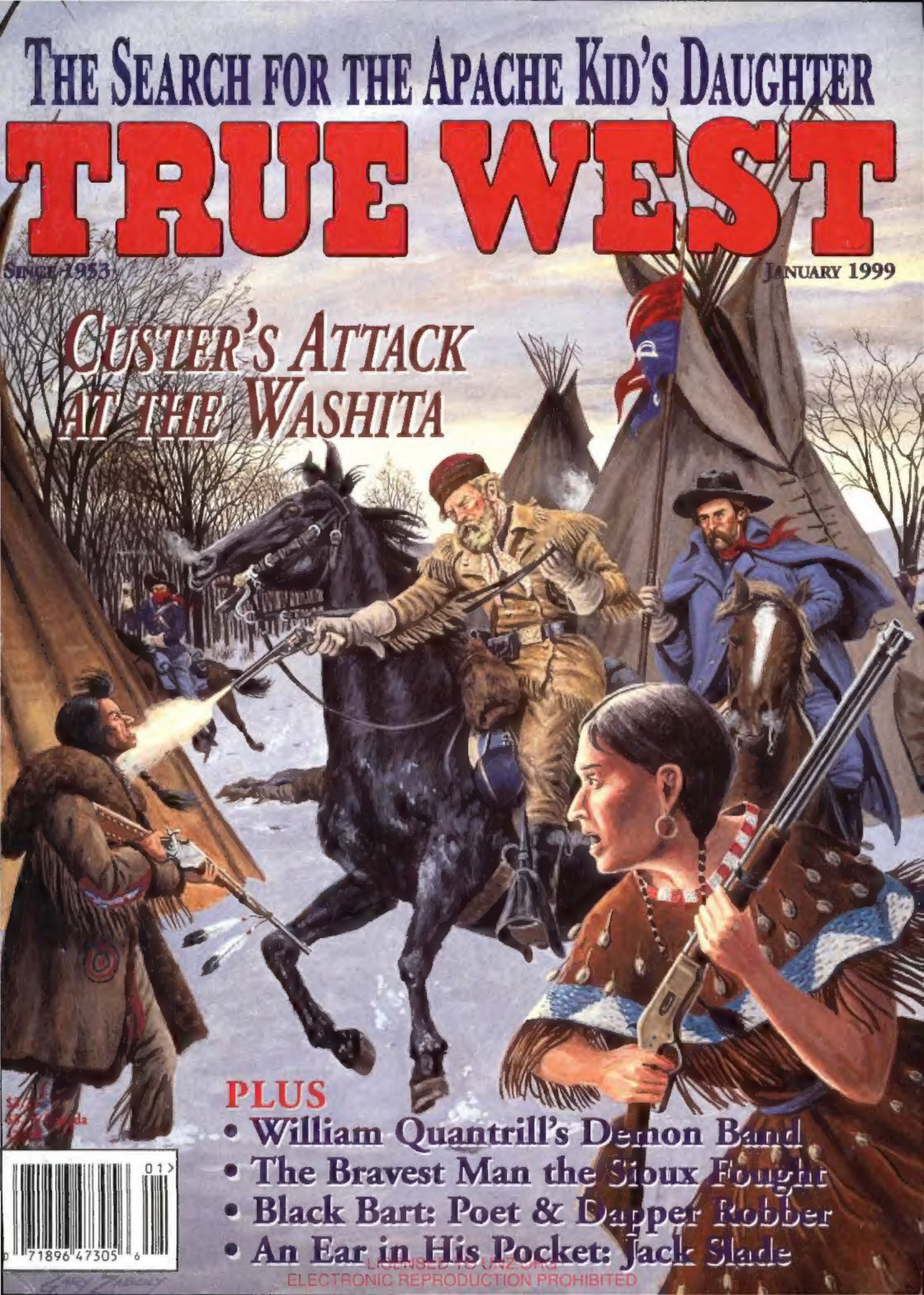

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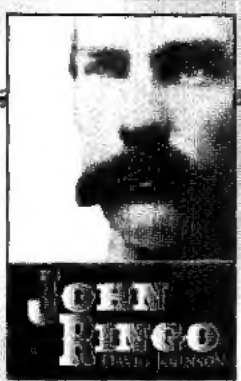

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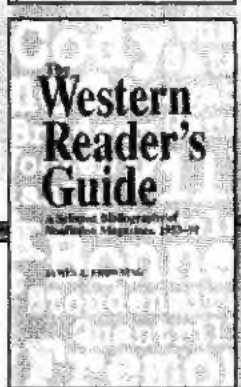

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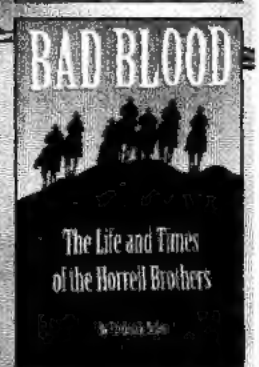

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Our Cover
Dawn Attack at the Washita
By Gary Zaboly.

January 1999
Vol. 46, No. 1
Whole No. 369

FEATURES

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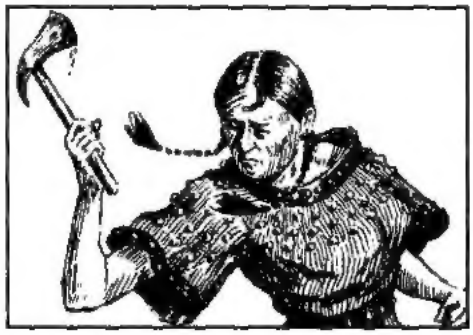

18 **Revenge on the Long Knives.** *By Ron Jackson.* Buffalo Calf Woman rode and fought side-by-side with her husband, Cheyenne warrior Medicine Water, and in their wake, they left a path of blood.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

What's the price of history? Or, better yet, can you put a price on history?

As I was getting ready for work last week, soppin' up the last of the gravy with a hot biscuit and reading the paper, I saw that one of them big, fancy auction houses is putting the diary of José de la Peña on the block. For those uninitiated to Alamo lore, de la Peña was a colonel under General Antonio López de Santa Anna, and helped crush the Texian forces at the Alamo.

De la Peña's diary surfaced in the 1970s, and although it offered a unheralded glimpse at the Mexican side of the confrontation and the inner workings of Santa Anna's army, one passage in particular sparked a fire that still hasn't quite gone out. Concerning David Crockett, legendary American frontiersman and fighting man, de la Peña claimed that the man was executed without regard, after the battle, putting the rifle-swinging conception of Crockett, fighting to the death, momentarily to rest. Now, the facts of Crockett's death are not the issue here (Heaven knows I don't want that fight on my hands), but the price of the history the diary represents.

The auction house, where the diary will go on sale this November, says the bidding will start somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars. Now, I'll bet my bottom dollar that the document goes pretty fast, even at that price. But why? Why so much? Because it is a valuable document, in a historical sense, that offers a brilliant study of a turbulent time in American/Mexican history? Or, because in one small paragraph, on one single page, it mentions the less-than-triumphant death of an American icon?

A few days after I heard the news of the diary, I received a phone call from some friends in Lincoln, New Mexico. It seems that the museum there, which once housed the only existing photo of Billy the Kid and some splendid artifacts from the Lincoln County War, is closing its doors. Why? Because visitors weren't willing to pay the recently-increased price of admission. A measly five bucks. The Lincoln museum isn't unique; museums all across the country face the same problem. So what is a fair price for history? Is it a quarter of a million dollars, or five? Where do we draw the line?

You folks are willing to pay to read *True West* each month, and we're mighty glad you do. If only we didn't have these paper costs and postage to pay, I would be all for letting you have the magazine for absolutely nothing. It means that much to me for folks to show an interest and be willing to learn a little about their past. But then again, there's no money in it. So I ask again, what's the price of history worth? Is it $3.25 an issue?

Naturally, historians will be the first to tell you that there's just not that much money in history. Teachers are grossly underpaid, authors of non-fiction are paid much less than fiction writers, and there's not much room for the truth in popular culture. (Unless of course we're talking about celebrity gossip; there seems to be plenty of room for that.)

I'll readily admit that I'm in the business of making money from history. But, like the naive kid I'm sometime accused of being, I think history itself should be free for the taking. We don't own it, and we shouldn't have to pay for it. As for artifacts like the de la Peña diary and the thousands of yet-to-be-found artifacts and documents hidden across the world, I agree with Indiana Jones; they belong in a museum, not in a millionaire's safety deposit box where they'll never see the light of day.

Marcus Huff

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A WEBLEY FOR THE JERSEY LILY

I am still enjoying your great magazine full of enlightening information about the Old West.

I not however, that you do not seem to have done any articles recently on the doings of that famous character Judge Roy Bean. He has been popping up fairly regularly in movies such as *Streets of Laredo.* I would like to know what he did and when he did it, to set the record straight, against the usual Hollywood hogwash.

A few years ago I visited a local museum in St. Helier, Jersey, CI, and in a section devoted to Lily Langtry (who hailed from there) saw a gold plated .45 caliber Webley revolver allegedly presented to Lily by her great admirer—Roy Bean from Texas! The Webley is a British pistol and, as I believe the Judge never actually met Lily, he must have had it sent to her. It is one helluva pistol for a lady to handle!

Please, lets have an article on the Judge from Vinegaroon who was "Law" West of the Pecos. I am sure the facts must be very interesting. And "that's ma rulin!"—*Don Rowland, Dorset, United Kingdom.*

WWII Veteran

As a veteran of infantry combat in the European Theatre of Operations of World War II, I appreciated your comments in the current *True West.* But you sure made me feel ancient when you pointed out that two of my comrades-in-arms were your *great-uncle* and *grandfather.* I have an Eisenhower jacket somewhere in the attic that I should give to one of my grandsons, I guess.—*Robert DeArment, Sylvania, Ohio.*

Billy-ology

The mags seem to get better all the time—nice job! I loved the (somewhat) recent article on Eve Ball, and the Halloween issue of *True West* was great fun again. Your artists continue to do a spectacular job of bringing life to stories and characters.

I do wish folks would stop kicking up the dust around the Metz review of the latest Brushy Bill scam. It would take far less time and effort to simply expose, yet again, the old fraud for what he was. But I guess part of the initiation into Billy-ology is for each beginning student of the Kid to wrestle that monkey for himself.

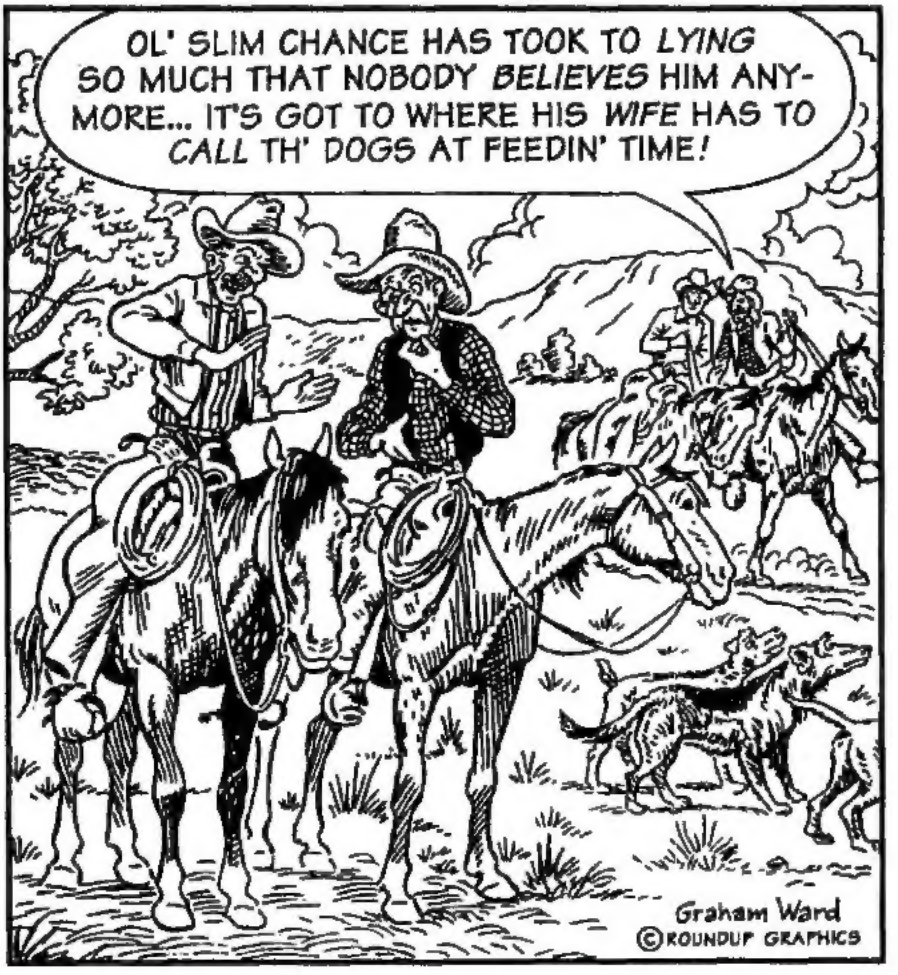
That oughta do. Keep it up!—*David King, Wichita, Kansas.*

Wyatt in Wichita

I just received my copy of the December 1998 issue of *True West.* While glancing through the timeline on the Clements Brothers, I noticed a sidebar entitled "Why the Clements Brothers are Worthy of Legend Status." In that I find the comment "no evidence of Wyatt even being on the Wichita police force exists. In fact, the earliest mention of Earp being in Wichita is in April of 1875."

First, I contend that Wyatt Earp was in Wichita at least by October 29, 1874, when the following was published in the Wichita *City Eagle.* "The Higgenbottom outfit, who attempted to jump the country at an expense of twenty or thirty thousand dollars to Wichita, it appears had, among other games, stuck M.R. Moser for a new wagon, who instead of putting himself in communica-

SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**


OL' SLIM CHANCE HAS TOOK TO LYING SO MUCH THAT NOBODY BELIEVES HIM ANYMORE... IT'S GOT TO WHERE HIS WIFE HAS TO CALL TH' DOGS AT FEEDIN' TIME!
Graham Ward
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tion, by telegraph, with the outside world just got two officers, John Behrens and Wiatt Erp [sic], to light out upon the trail." Where did Moser find Behrens and Earp if not in Wichita?

The second misstatement is that there is no evidence that Earp was even on the Wichita police force. To the contrary, many news articles refer to his tenure on the force although it is most often spelled "Erp." In addition, Miller and Snell, in their fine compilation *Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns, 1867-1886*, state "On April 21, 1875, Wyatt Earp was appointed policeman on the Wichita force, and the appointment entered on the records of the city.—*Roger Myers, via the Internet.*

Author's Note: In response to reader Roger Myers' letter regarding Earp and the Clements brothers, I offer the following: I, as did Mr. Myers, used *Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns, 1867-1886* as just one of my sources for the Clements brothers article.

Mr. Myers is correct in that Wyatt Earp was in Wichita at least by October 29, 1874, per the article in the Wichita *City Eagle* of that date. Editors Miller and Snell do point out that although the article described him as an "officer" they believe he may have been hired as a private officer, and not acting as an officer of the city or county.

As for the mention of Earp in the Higgenbottom outfit arrest, perhaps Earp was indeed in Wichita when called upon. Although we know when Earp and Behrens arrested the Higgenbottoms, we don't know how long before that date the Higgenbottoms performed their embezzlement act, described by the *City Eagle* in the amount of twenty or thirty thousand dollars.

Mr. Myers' second point, that Earp was indeed an officer of the police force is well taken. Earp was appointed policeman on the Wichita force on April 21, 1875, some time *after* the alleged 1874 Clements brothers incident.

But I still stand on my statements that the Clements brothers were never arrested by Earp, that the Lake-described "show down" of Earp standing up to Clements and his gunfighting army of fifty Texas cowboys, did not happen. Not in 1874 when Lake had the incident happening, nor in 1875, or later. Do you suppose Lake took the incident of Earp arresting the Higgen-bottoms, changed their names and other details, until he took the great artistic license and turned that incident into Earp's facing down the Clements crowd? Great travesties have happened in literature!—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

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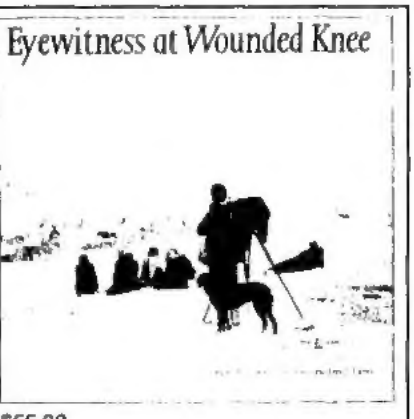

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KILLING CHRISTMAS IN AUSTIN

By Chuck Parsons

The James A. Browning bug is contagious. There was a time when Jim was perhaps the only person attempting to locate, photograph, and preserve the graves of famous/infamous westerners. Now it is becoming more and more common for others to not only locate graves but also to take steps to insure their preservation.

I was recently asked to locate and photograph the grave of Mark Wilson, an Austin, Texas, saloon owner of who was killed in a shootout on December 25, 1876. The reader had only an old photograph to go by, the inscription illegible.

Little is known of Mark other than that he was killed by Ben Thompson, mercenary soldier, professional gambler, railroad warrior, city marshal of Austin, and a deadly man to cross. Wilson was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1844. When he came to America is unknown, but by the 1870s he was established in Austin as the proprietor of the Capital Theater, a combination theater and saloon. No photograph of Wilson is known to exist, but Attorney William M. Walton, Thompson's biographer, described Wilson as "stout" with "a red complexion" and "ruddy face" and being a "fearless, impulsive Irishman" who kept the saloon "running day and night." Further, Wilson "was a man of wonderful energy, hot temper, very passionate, and in many ways dogmatic, tyrannical and overbearing, yet generous and warm-hearted." No doubt the same could have been said of Ben Thompson.

On Christmas night 1876, Wilson was on duty with bartender Charles H. Matthews. Saloon owners could anticipate trouble at any time and routinely placed weapons in strategic places throughout the establishment. Wilson had both a Winchester and a shotgun behind the bar, just in case. That night someone lit a string of firecrackers in the crowd, causing great confusion. Chairs were overturned and benches were knocked over; loud laughter and yelling only added to the confusion. No doubt some of the crowd mistook the exploding fireworks as pistol shots. Wilson stepped into the

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melee and accused Jim Burditt, with whom he had recently had an altercation, of causing the disturbance. Wilson called on Policeman Allen to arrest Burditt. As Allen was in the act of arresting the accused, Ben Thompson stepped forward and said he would "stand good" for Burditt.

At this point someone threw lamp black on Wilson's face, and someone slashed at him with a knife, causing a gash on the left side of his neck. Wilson, bleeding and looking foolish with lamp black on his face, found his way to the bar and grabbed a shotgun. Wilson aimed and fired at Ben Thompson just as Policeman Allen slapped at the gun, causing the shot to miss Thompson, but grazing his clothes. Thompson returned fire, with deadly effect. Three shots hit Wilson, one in the breast, one in the bowels, and one in the arm. The Irishman was probably dead when he hit the floor.

Bartender Charles Matthews grabbed the hidden Winchester and fired at Thompson from behind a counter. He was more fortunate than Wilson, as Thompson, his pistol near empty, only wounded him. The ball entered the corner of Matthews' mouth, sliced under the tongue, took out a tooth, then ranged downward into his neck. Matthews survived, although some accounts have him dying of his wound. During the days following the tragedy, there were rumors of a vigilante group taking the law into its own hands and meting out "justice" to Thompson, but no mob actually formed.

Ben Thompson's reputation increased greatly as a shootist. He had bravely faced his opponents head on, killing one and severely wounding the other. Policeman Allen was suspended from duty, accused by some as being an accomplice of Thompson.

Thompson was charged with murder but was acquitted. Wilson's mother, Kate, and two sisters, Lucy and Matilda, attended the trial, no doubt weighing every word of testimony. Reportedly Wilson was "the sole support" for these family members. Wilson's funeral was held on Thursday, December 28, at 11:00 AM. By the time the headstone was erected over Wilson's grave his mother had determined an appropriate inscription:

In Memory of
My only beloved son
MARK WILSON;
born in Dublin, Ireland
Feb. 19,1844
Murdered in Austin
Dec. 25,1876
May the Lord have mercy on his soul and the Joy of and the perpetual light of Heaven shine on him.

Author's Collection

An artist's rendition of Ben Thompson shooting Mark Wilson and Charles Matthews. From William M. Walton's *Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson, The Famous Texan.*

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Author's Photo

The broken headstone at the grave of Mark Wilson.

Obviously Mrs. Wilson felt about her son the same way Mrs. Zerelda Samuel felt about her son, Jesse James, each declaring to the world their son had been murdered. Jesse's mother also felt the name of the "murderer" didn't deserve mention.

Bartender Charles Matthews survived the Capital Theater tragedy, becoming successful in the newspaper business, but frequently getting embroiled in feuds and squabbles with others. On September 22, 1882, he was killed in a Hot Springs, Arkansas, altercation with D.C. Rugg, S.W. Fordyce, and Frank Flynn.

Mark Wilson is buried in Block 2, Lot 403, in Oakwood Cemetery in Austin, Texas, not far from the grave of Ben Thompson, who himself would be "murdered" in a saloon shootout barely eight years later. The Mark Wilson grave at one time boasted an imposing, sixty-inch high headstone. Typical of the period, the base had a "key" slot in which a vertical round-top stone was inserted.

Today, the vertical stone is in three pieces, the bottom third still loosely resting in the key slot, the top two pieces laying on the ground.

SHOOT FROM THE LIP

The Lives, Legends, and Lies of the Three Guardsmen of Oklahoma and U.S. Marshal Nix

by

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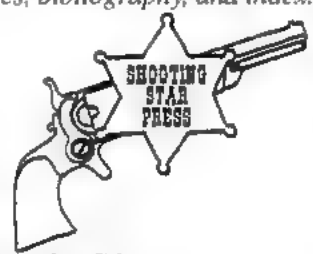

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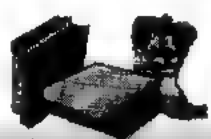

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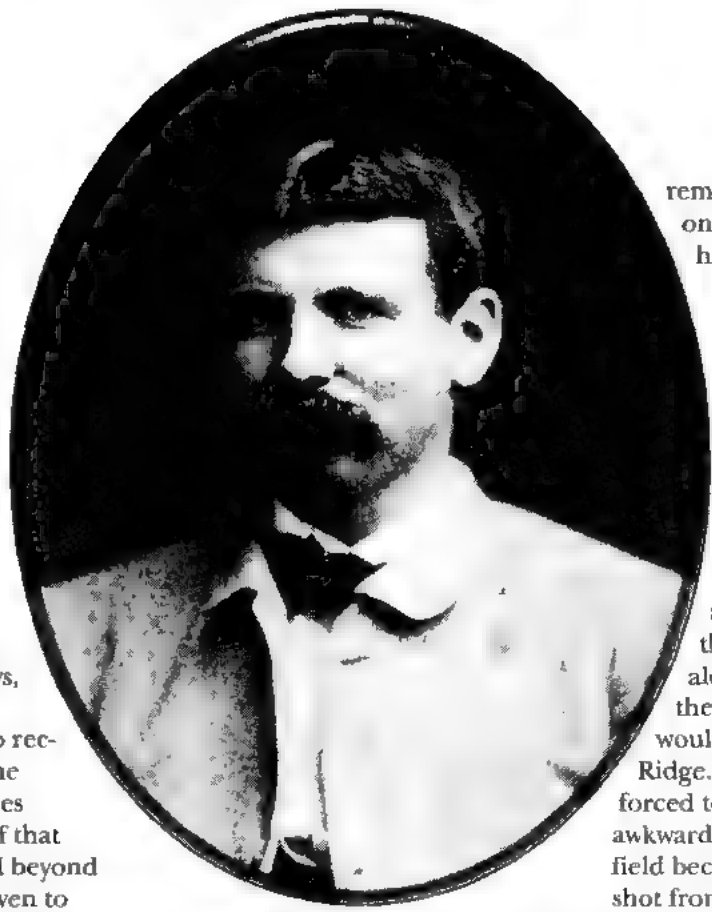

Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument

Myles Keogh, circa 1870.

There is a scene in the classic cavalry movie *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* where John Wayne, as Captain Nathan Brittles, is perusing a list of casualties from the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Brittles reads aloud: "George Armstrong Custer, Tom Custer, Boston Custer, Calhoun, Cooke, Crittenden, Keogh..." He pauses, and looks up at his adjutant. In disbelief, he says, "Myles Keogh."

Most people would fail to recognize the significance of the emphasis on the name "Myles Keogh." The screenwriter of that movie, however, had looked beyond the subsequent attention given to the actions of Custer that day to discover and single out the true unsung hero of that famous battle.

The fierce engagement late on Sunday afternoon, June 25, 1876, between the Plains Indians and the elite United States Seventh Cavalry had taken place on a ridge, high above a curling ribbon of a river in south-central Montana, the Sioux called Greasy Grass.

The end came within an hour's time, and there was no question about which side had emerged victorious. The battlefield was littered with dead cavalrymen, while spirited war cries from Northern Cheyenne and Lakota Sioux Indians split the air. The celebration was not necessarily premature, but, after all, this was a battle to the last man—and the last man had not as yet perished.

Indian participants of the battle told about one lone cavalry officer, a captain who wore a white, wide-brimmed hat, buckskin shirt, and blue uniform trousers, who remained highly conspicuous on the field of battle after all his comrades had fallen.

Captain Myles Keogh, commander of I troop, had the dubious distinction of being the sole white man left alive out of five companies—about 225 officers and men—of the Seventh Cavalry.

Keogh was completely surrounded by the enemy at his position, located in the midst of sprawled bodies along a skirmisher line on the eastern slope of what would later be called Battle Ridge. He would have been forced to prop himself up in an awkward fashion to reconnoiter the field because earlier he had been shot from his horse. The bullet had passed through the forequarters of the mount, a bay named "Comanche," and upon emerging had shattered the captain's left knee and leg.

Keogh was notable, according to Indian eyewitnesses, not merely because he alone had survived, but also due to the bravery of his recent actions on the field of battle. His presence of command had been observed during the fray, and it was believed that he was the soldier chief. He had continuously ridden back and forth along the ridge to

deploy his men while exposing himself to a withering enemy barrage. When several of his platoons had become separated from the main force Keogh had, single-handedly atop Comanche, brazenly charged into and routed a host of warriors, in order to assist the return of his beleaguered troops.

Consequently, the victors of the conflict had begun making overtures toward this brave captain to indicate their respect for his worthiness as a warrior. And, as a result, they were willing to nobly spare his life.

Keogh at this point might have turned his eyes toward the south—beyond the lifeless bodies of Lieutenant Jimmy Calhoun and L Company. It was from that direction that he would have hoped to recognize detachments under the command of Major Marcus Reno and Captain Frederick Benteen approaching at the gallop.

But there would be no dramatic last minute rescue on this day. Reno's command had earlier been severely beaten by these same Indians during an every-man-for-himself retreat, and together with Benteen's troops had ignored Custer's orders to advance and would have by now assumed a makeshift defensive position on a bluff some three miles distant.

Had Keogh glanced to the north, he would have been confronted with the unthinkable fate of his comrades on the ridge a half-mile away. Forty men, including his commanding officer and friend George Armstrong Custer, lay dead at that location

Keogh was an experienced veteran of plains warfare, and despite the bleakness of the moment would have clearly understood that he might have surrendered and perhaps walked away from the carnage to fight again another day. Waving the white flag, however, was not an act a man with Keogh's character would have entertained. He replied to the entreaties of his adversaries with pistols blazing, which gave the Indians no choice but to assault his position to silence him.

Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument

Captain Myles Keogh, wearing his Army dress uniform in 1875, was an Irish soldier of fortune who fought in three wars on three continents and distinguished himself in the American Civil

The Indians told about how this desperate Seventh Cavalry officer had coolly rapid-fired his weapons in an effort to ward off the inevitable. The fury and precision of his onslaught caused them to believe that he was accompanied in his defense by "ghost troopers."

A posthumous consolation for his valiant yet futile actions that day with Custer at the Little Bighorn earned Myles Keogh a place in Native American lore as the bravest man the Sioux ever fought.

The pathway this army officer had traveled to find himself in such a perilous position on the Little Bighorn River was as fascinating and commendable as his personal last stand.

Myles Walter Keogh entered the world on March 25, 1839, in Orchard House, Carlow County, Ireland. His father was an officer in the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers stationed in a suburb of Limerick known as Garryowen.

Keogh attended two years at Carlow College, then at age seventeen embarked on a six-month tour of Europe. Journey's end found him, accompanied by several friends, impulsively sailing off to Africa and accepting a commission as second lieutenant in a French infantry regiment.

One can only speculate as to the motivation that enticed this middle-class lad to choose such a dangerous profession as soldier of fortune. Certainly ample reasons can be found in his genealogy, childhood proximity to cavalry life, and youthful pluck.

But perhaps a more quixotic influence can be found in the boyhood literature that he enjoyed. In particular, a certain novel of romance and adventure written by the British chronicler of Irish life, Charles Lever, which was titled *Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon*. It was the heroic deeds detailed within the pages of this voluminous text which Keogh would throughout his life review, quote, and indeed attempt to emulate. In fact, the parallel lives of O'Malley and Keogh appear to be fiction essentially dictating reality. Ironically, far away on the other side of the ocean, a youngster residing in Monroe, Michigan, named George Armstrong Custer would also thrill to the exploits of O'Malley.

Myles Keogh served briefly in the closing campaign of the Algerian conquest under the then-famous French General Louis Cristofano de Lamonciere, the hero of Constantine. The young Irishman and his associates had favorably impressed the general in their short time under his command. And, since there was never a lack of wars requiring talent to fight them, the soldiers of fortune were invited to follow de Lamoriciere to the world's next trouble spot—Italy

The Papal States were being threatened by Napoleon II and the

Piedmontese. Myles Keogh was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Papal Army, and assigned to the "Battalion of St. Patrick."

The fledgling Papal Army was poorly equipped and lacked effective military organization. There were no horses for the cavalry; the artillery was pathetic; the weapons were antiquated; and intelligence was virtually nonexistent.

Soon after its inception, the Irish battalion was attacked at Spoleto by a superior force of Piedmontese regulars supported by artillery. The determined sons of Erin, outmanned and out-gunned, repulsed several bayonet charges and drove back overwhelming numbers of enemy soldiers.

For his individual gallantry during that battle, Myles Keogh was decorated by Pope Pius IX with the "Medaglia de Pro Petri Sede," an esteemed honor indeed, and a symbol that may have later saved him from mutilation by the Indians.

The Papal Army, however, was eventually forced to surrender, and Keogh resigned his commission. He immediately sailed for the United States to offer his services to the Union Army, which was engaged in its own Civil War and in dire need of officers with combat experience. Keogh was commissioned a captain in the Army of the Potomac on April 9, 1862.

Keogh's soldierly qualities quickly came to the attention of army commander Major General George B. McClellan, who ordered the Irishman assigned to his personal staff as aide-de-camp. One of Keogh's first duties was escort and guard of honor to Abraham Lincoln when the president decided to visit his army in the field.

Keogh repeatedly distinguished himself in the eyes of his superiors. He was cited for bravery and breveted major at the close of the Gettysburg Campaign, and breveted lieutenant colonel for gallantry while serving with General William Tecumseh Sherman on his march through Georgia to the sea.

As a member of General George Stoneman's staff, Keogh and his 700-man unit were captured while attempting to liberate Union prisoners from the notorious Andersonville prison. Two months later they were exchanged for Confederate prisoners.

The war ended, and Myles Keogh was mustered out. He had decided to remain in the United States, and, with recommendations from a number of generals, was appointed a second lieutenant in the Fourth U.S. Cavalry. Several months later, he was promoted to captain and transferred to the newly formed Seventh Cavalry Regiment, led in the field by Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer.

In addition to his fighting skills, the affable Irishman brought with him a talent for spinning entertaining yarns and a quick wit. Keogh's engaging personality immediately endeared him to the Custer Clan, that tightly-knit group of officers and their ladies who enjoyed parties, picnics, and practical jokes.

Keogh was also known as an expert horseman, and his skill as a marksman and hunter—a sport which he enjoyed throughout his time on the plains—gained him the respect of his comrades.

Keogh was the one who introduced Custer to "Garryowen," the traditional Irish tune that the field commander chose as the official marching song of the Seventh Cavalry and became synonymous with that unit. The jaunty march had been the drinking song of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, the regiment of Keogh's father.

The dashing Irishman was considered the handsomest man in the regiment. He was just over six feet

Author's Collection

Keogh was the one who introduced Custer to "Garryowen," the traditional Irish tune that the field commander chose as the official marching song of the Seventh Cavalry and became synonymous with that unit. The jaunty march had been the drinking song of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, the regiment of Keogh's father.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tall, possessed a booming voice, and wore a mustache and usually a goatee

His affairs with unattached ladies created much gossip around Fort Lincoln. One unnamed lady wrote that Keogh was "...ever so handsome, with laughing Irish eyes, an impressive imperial air, an unquenchable thirst, and extremely popular with the fair sex."

Keogh never married, but there was one intriguing love affair in his life worth mentioning. A Civil War acquaintance married a lady whose family owned an estate on the shores of Lake Owasco just outside Auburn, New York. Myles Keogh was a frequent visitor, and became involved in a mutual attraction with another daughter named Nelly Martin.

Years later, Edward Martin, a brother, wrote: "I see him [Keogh] now sitting in the library by the glass door reading *Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon* to a circle of girls sitting around and working at something."

For some unknown reason Keogh and Nelly never married. The life of an army wife was abundant with hardships and long separations. Perhaps their long-distance relationship was more easily endured without the bonds of matrimony. Then again, Keogh might have been reminded of the advice offered Charles O'Malley by friends when contemplating marriage to Lucy Dashwood that "a man can scarce do a more silly thing than marry in the army."

Although there were no legal family ties, Myles Keogh's body was removed from the Little Bighorn a year after the battle and reinterred in the Martin family plot at Fort Hill Cemetery.

Fifty years later, eighty-six-year-old Nelly Martin, who had never married and frequently placed flowers on Keogh's grave, was buried beside her beloved Irish dragoon.

Perhaps this unfulfilled love affair drove Keogh to find solace within the bottle, or more likely it was simply the loneliness and rigor of duty at isolated posts. Regardless of the

MYLES KEOGH'S HORSE
By Thom Hatch

The only living thing found on the field following the Battle of the Little Bighorn was a bay gelding named Comanche whose story is perhaps as remarkable as that of his owner, Captain Myles Keogh.

Captain Tom Custer, brother of the famous general, purchased a herd of mustangs for the Seventh United States Cavalry from a trader in Saint Louis, Missouri, in April 1868. One of these horses, a five-year-old standing fifteen hands, weighing 925 pounds, and described as three quarters American and one-quarter Spanish, caught the eye of Captain Keogh. Officers normally chose their mounts from private stock, but Keogh, who was known as an excellent judge of horseflesh, bought this particular animal for $90.

Keogh's unnamed horse was initially held in reserve. Just prior to an engagement, Keogh would change from his regular horse, Paddy, to his new horse in order to enter the fight on a fresh mount.

Keogh's horse earned his name on September 13, 1868, during an engagement with Comanche Indians near the Cimarron River in southwest Kansas. The bay gelding had been quite skittish during the brief but furious fight, but Keogh had dismissed it as inexperience. Later, it was found that Comanche had been struck with an arrow in the right quarter. The shaft had broken off, leaving the flint inside. A soldier told Keogh that the horse had squalled as loud as any Comanche Indian when hit, but to his credit had continued to ably carry his master.

Keogh decided that the only fitting name for his brave horse was "Comanche."

When Paddy was killed a year or so later, Comanche become Keogh's primary mount. Comanche was wounded twice more in the ensuing years—by another Comanche Indian arrow in 1870 and again the follow

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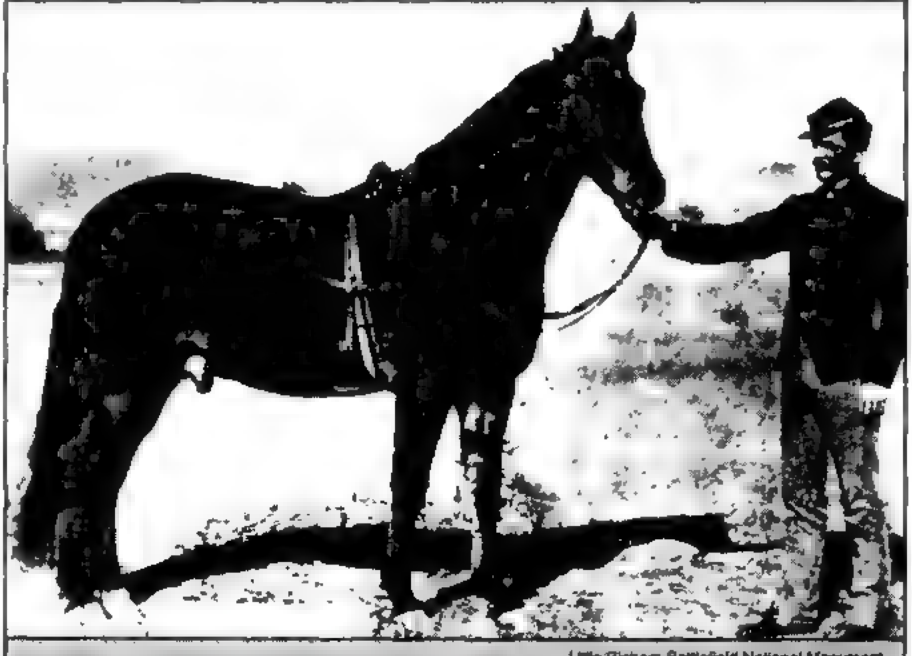

Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument

Private Gustave Korn, farrier to Captain Myles Keogh's I Troop, shown here with Comanche in 1878, would surely have perished at Little Bighorn had not his own mount broken down earlier in the day enroute. He was detailed to the rear.

Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument

Outing at the Little Hart River near Fort Abraham Lincoln, July 1875. From left: First Lieutenant James Calhoun, Mr. Leonard Swett, Captain Stephen Baker, Boston Custer, Second Lieutenant Winfield S. Edgerly, Miss Emily Watson, Captain Myles Keogh, Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, Dr. Holmes O. Paulding, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer, Mrs. Nettie Smith, Dr. George E. Lord, Captain Thomas B. Weir, First Lieutenant William B. Cooke, Second Lieutenant Richard E. Thompson, Miss Nellie Wadsworth, Miss Emma Wadsworth, First Lieutenant Thomas W. Custer, and First Lieutenant Algernon E. Smith.

reason, he had a portentous side that exposed itself whenever he overindulged in strong drink, which was said to be quite often. His company was known as the "Wild I" in honor of the rowdy reputation of its commander.

Over the years, Keogh participated in numerous engagements against the Plains Indians, most notably as commander of Fort Wallace, the westernmost post in Kansas which was said to be under constant siege. When the Seventh Cavalry was deployed to the South during Reconstruction, Keogh's company policed the Ku Klux Klan and chased moonshiners in Kentucky.

He returned to his native Ireland when notified that he had inherited "considerable property." Keogh could have retired to life as a country gentleman on his inheritance, but chose to distribute the fortune among his sisters and returned to Dakota Territory.

Keogh had been assigned to staff duty and missed the Seventh Cavalry's November 27, 1868, Battle of Washita. Moreover, he was detached to the International Boundary Survey Commission at Fort Abercrombie during both the Yellowstone Expedition of 1873 and the Black Hills Expedition of 1874.

In the wee hours of May 17, 1876, however, when the regimental band struck up "Garryowen" followed by "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Myles Keogh and Company I were in formation and on their way from Fort Abraham Lincoln to the valley of the Little Bighorn. Lakota Sioux medicine man Sitting Bull and his followers had defied a government edict to report to the reservation, and the Seventh Cavalry was part of a three-pronged force designed to effect compliance.

On June 21, General Alfred Terry dispatched Custer and the Seventh from his base camp on the Yellowstone River at the mouth of the Rosebud with vague orders to search for and engage any Indians he might encounter. Some have claimed that Custer disobeyed these orders; the evidence proves otherwise.

Regardless, Custer was soon hot on a fresh Indian trail estimated to be at least 1,500 lodges, and the Seventh marched during the night of June 25. The normally happy-go-lucky Myles Keogh, convinced that a major engagement with the Indians was imminent, apparently had a premonition of what lay ahead and radically stepped out of character to seek out the officer of the day and make out his last will and testament.

Keogh's company had been placed in charge of the mule pack train, a thankless, patience-testing endeavor, especially in pitch darkness. True to form, the stubborn, loudly-braying beasts gave them fits. Following a frustrating, exhaustive journey, the regiment approached the valley on Sunday morning. While Custer accompanied his scouts to a promontory called "Crow's Nest" in a futile attempt to view the big village reputed to be ahead, Captain Keogh received an unsettling report.

During the night march, someone from another troop had lost a pack containing hardtack on the

backtrail. A detail was dispatched to recover the pack, and upon locating it discovered several Indians huddled about. The Indians fled when the soldiers charged, but the damage had been done—the regiment had presumably been observed by the enemy.

Keogh relayed this information to Custer. Officer's Call was sounded, and the general explained that it was now imperative that the Seventh attack the village—the precise location of which remained unknown—at once. Otherwise, the Indians would scatter and escape as had always been their custom.

Shortly after noon at the head of what became known as Reno Creek, Custer divided his regiment into battalions. Keogh was assigned a battalion of three companies; Captain George Yates received two companies—about 225 officers and men with whom Custer would ride. Captain Benteen and 125 troopers were dispatched on a reconnaissance to the northwest. Major Reno with his 140 men would ride parallel to Custer along the creek. The eighty-five-man pack train brought up the rear.

In time, the Custer-Reno column came to an abandoned Indian campsite with one teepee standing. A warrior lay dead on a burial scaffold inside. At this point scout Fred Girard reported to Custer: "Here are your Indians, General, running like devils!"

Dust could be seen rising from beyond the high bluffs that separated the troops from the valley ahead. Custer realized that he must attack the village—which he presumed to be nearby—without delay. He quickly formulated his strategy, and passed orders to his adjutant, Lieutenant William W. Cooke.

Myles Keogh accompanied the adjutant across the draw to Major Marcus Reno's column. Cooke told Reno, "General Custer directs that you take as fast a gait as you deem prudent and charge [the Indian village] afterward, and you will be supported by the entire outfit."

Keogh and Cooke returned to Custer, and that was the last that any

Continued from p. 13

ing year by moonshiners in Kentucky. Each time, the horse quickly shrugged off the injury to serve his master.

At the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Keogh constantly exposed himself and his mount to enemy fire while directing his troops. Finally, Keogh was shot from Comanche's back when a bullet passed through the forequarters of the horse and shattered the captain's left leg. Eyewitnesses reported that perhaps due to an emotional attachment, Keogh was unable at that time to shoot Comanche for breastworks. The horse was left to fend for himself.

Comanche was found two days after the battle—the only living thing on a field strewn with dead cavalrymen and their horses. He had been wounded seven times, but instead of being put out of his misery, he was led fifteen miles to the steamer *Far West*, where a makeshift stall was made between the rudders.

Back at Fort Lincoln, Comanche was transported to the stables by wagon and supported in his stall by a sling. Private Gustave Korn, the company farrier, was assigned the task of nursing the animal. To the surprise of many, Comanche gradually regained his health.

On April 7, 1878, Colonel S.D. Sturgis—whose son had perished with Custer—issued a general order proclaiming that Comanche, as a representative of the battle, was relieved of duty and would never be ridden again so that "his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit." Thereafter, Comanche was saddled only for occasions of ceremony, and otherwise treated like royalty.

Eventually relocated to Fort Riley, Kansas, Comanche's favorite pastimes were rooting through garbage pails and begging for beer at the enlisted man's canteen, a habit likely brought about by the mash that had been fed him during his convalescence. The animal would follow Private Korn around like a puppy dog, once trailing his nursemaid into nearby Junction City to the home of Korn's lady friend where he put up a ruckus until being led back to his stall.

Comanche lived contentedly until Private Korn was killed at Wounded Knee in 1890. At that point, his health began to fail. In spite of every effort to save him, he died on November 6, 1891.

The famous horse was donated to the University of Kansas where he was mounted by naturalist L.L. Dyche. Comanche was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, then went on display at the university museum.

He has been enclosed in a humidity-controlled glass house designed not only for preservation but to discourage superstitious students who believe that stealing a strand of Comanche's tail will bring luck on an examination.

University of Kansas Museum of Natural History

Comanche as he presently stands in the Museum of Natural History at Dyche Hall on the campus of the University of Kansas at Lawrence

white man knows for certain about the actions of Myles Keogh or the five companies of the Seventh Cavalry on that day. We can, however, speculate about the movements of Keogh and Custer from this point on by interpreting eyewitness testimony of Indian participants; archaeological evidence; theory based on Custer's known tendencies in battle; and strategies applied in prior engagements.

While Reno prepared to charge, Custer led his five companies downstream on the opposite side of the Little Bighorn River. His plan likely called for his men to strike at intervals down the coulees from the east once Reno had penetrated the village. With this in mind, Custer dispatched a message to Benteen, which ordered the captain and the pack train of ammunition forward as swiftly as possible.

Keogh and companies F, I, and L were then deployed to the high ridge in support while Custer and two companies prepared to probe the center of the village down Medicine Tail Coulee, which sloped from Battle Ridge to the Little Bighorn River at the center of the Indian village.

The battle commenced at about 2:30 PM when Reno and his 140 troopers charged across the prairie toward the village.

The plan might have succeeded—despite the overwhelming odds—had Custer's subordinate officers simply obeyed orders. The first indication of trouble occurred when Reno, without sustaining even one casualty, inexplicably aborted his charge one quarter mile from the village and formed a skirmisher line.

Custer's presence was unknown to the Indians at this time. Indian testimony stated that the unexpected appearance of Reno's troops had them packing for flight—until Reno halted.

The pause in the action permitted the Indians time to assemble. They counterattacked Reno's troops, who initiated a disorganized, bloody retreat across the river onto a hilltop where the soldiers frantically dug into a defensive position.

Benteen had ignored Custer's order to hurry and had coddled on his way to the battlefield, eventually joining Reno's troops on the hilltop.

The retreat by Reno placed Custer and his men in an extremely vulnerable position. With Reno and Benteen cowering on the hilltop and no longer a threat, the entire force of Indians was now free to strike Custer. Instead of charging into a village in chaos to rendezvous with Reno according to plan, Custer was now faced with perhaps 2,000 or more warriors who repulsed his charge at the river and forced him to pull back to the barren grassland above.

Custer and companies C and E assumed a position on a ridge about 2,000 yards from the Little Bighorn River. Keogh had formed his three companies into a skirmisher line to the south of Custer between Medicine Tail and Deep coulees.

Author's Collection

The Little Bighorn Battlefield, looking northwest toward Custer Hill, from the position of Keogh's I Company.

One continuing debate centers on whether or not, as the Indians claim, Keogh was now in command. Eyewitness testimony by several Indians suggest that Custer might have been killed or severely wounded on that charge down Medicine Tail Coulee and carried to the ridge. Had that been true, Keogh as senior captain would have assumed command.

The regimental adjutant, Lieutenant Cooke, would have been at the commander's side, whether Custer or Keogh. Given the position of Keogh's body, which was found some distance from Cooke or the command center on Custer Hill, it could be assumed that had Custer been hit he was still alive when carried away. Of course, considering the chaos on the field it is entirely possible that Keogh was unaware of Custer's death, or that he or Cooke could not or simply chose not to rendezvous.

Either way, Keogh's tenure would have been short. The final tactical blow was administered by Crazy Horse, who led a large force of warriors down the valley above the village, crossed the river, and attacked Custer Hill from the north. Then, sweeping south down Battle Ridge, the allied Indians finally crushed what remained of Keogh's command against warriors led by Chief Gall who had attacked from the direction of the river

It should be noted that army experts and archaeological evidence later determined that Keogh's had been the only position on the field where proper military defensive formations had been practiced.

Two days later, the remains of Myles Keogh was found along with about 225 of his fellow soldiers on the battlefield overlooking the river the white man called Little Bighorn. He had been stripped naked, except for his socks, which had the name cut out of them. Keogh's body, unlike most of his comrades, had not been mutilated.

Perhaps Keogh escaped mutilation because the Indians, curious about what "medicine" this brave man had brought into battle, found his "Medaglia Pro Petri Sede," the decoration conferred on him by the Pope. Keogh carried the medal in a leather pouch, which was a common practice with the Plains Indians who were known to save precious relics of medicine in pouches. More than likely, they had decided out of respect to leave Keogh's body and powerful medicine unmolested.

In 1877, Fort Keogh was established in honor of Myles Keogh on the south bank of the Yellowstone River just west of Miles City, Montana. It was from this fort that General Nelson Miles compelled the Sioux and Cheyenne to finally surrender, and from where he marched to engage Chief Joseph in the Battle of Bear Paw Mountain.

The Third Cavalry attacked a Sioux village at Slim Buttes a month after Little Bighorn. Among the Seventh Cavalry items recovered was a gauntlet belonging to Keogh. Later, a trader claimed to have seen a pistol with Keogh's name engraved on the stock in the hands of a refugee Sioux in Canada but could not convince the owner to sell it. Otherwise, little remains with which to remember the adventurous Irishman. Even the "Medaglia" mysteriously disappeared.

The Indians, however, have immortalized Myles Keogh in their tradition of oral history. In the ensuing years, a number of battle participants related their personal observations of the exploits of this soldier of fortune.

The Northern Cheyenne Two Moon said of Keogh: "We circled all around them—swirling like water round a stone. We shoot, we ride fast, we shoot again. Soldiers drop, but one man rides up and down the line—all the time shouting. He was a brave man."

And in 1881, the respected Sioux chief of the Great Council Lodge, Red Horse, offered his praise when he said: "The Sioux for a long time fought many brave men of different people, but the Sioux say that this officer was the bravest man that they ever fought. This officer wore a large brimmed hat and a deerskin coat. This officer saved the lives of many soldiers by turning his horse and covering their retreat. Sioux say that this officer was the bravest man they ever fought."

This officer was Myles Keogh.

REVENGE ON THE LONG

BY RON JACKSON

Family oral tradition states Mo-chi was buried in the spring of 1881 with all the respect, honor, and ceremony befitting a Southern Cheyenne warrior. Dressed in fine buckskins, the forty-year-old fighter was laid to rest on a high, grassy knoll somewhere on the north side of the Lodgepole River (Washita River) in present-day Oklahoma.

Death songs echoed across Indian Territory's western prairie that day as fellow warriors from the once-powerful Bowstring Society sang in Mo-chi's honor. Today, the sacred burial site is kept secret.

"And it will remain a secret," said John L. Sipes, Jr., Mo-chi's great-great grandson. "But it doesn't matter. The Spirit World knows."

By 1881, some American officials viewed Mo-chi as a villain. To the Southern Cheyennes, however, Mo-chi was a celebrated protector of the people and a warrior of prestige.

What made Mo-chi so special? Translated to English, Mo-chi means

Buffalo Calf Woman.

Mo-chi was one of the few female warriors among the Cheyennes, and perhaps the greatest who ever lived. She rode and fought side-by-side with her husband, Medicine Water, who was especially notorious among the white settlers during the Staked Plains Wars.

KNIVES

ILLUSTRATED BY GARY ZABOLY

Together, they led several raids against United States soldiers and settlers to protect the Cheyenne homeland. In their wake, they left a path of blood.

Life for Mo-chi wasn't always filled with turmoil. She was born in "Yellowstone Country" of present-day Wyoming around 1841. In time, she learned the ways of her nomadic band as it trailed the mighty buffalo herds across the Great Plains. Memories of her childhood along the North and South Platte rivers were probably pleasant ones. Her mother, grandmothers, and aunts taught her how to bead, cook, make cloths with bone awls, butcher meat, and tan hides.

Mo-chi grew into a slender woman with straight black hair and rounded features in her face. She had brown eyes. By the age of twenty she had married a man named Standing Bull.

Whatever peace she knew ended one winter morning in 1864 during the month of the Freezing Moon. At dawn on November 29, one thousand of the Third Colorado Regiment of Volunteers, under the command of Colonel John M. Chivington, attacked a camp of some 300 Cheyennes on the banks of dry-bedded Sand Creek in eastern Colorado Territory.

Cheyenne leaders Black Kettle and White Antelope believed a peace treaty was in effect at the time and had turned in their firearms at nearby Fort Lyon. An American flag given to Black Kettle four years earlier was even hoisted up a long lodgepole outside his lodge—as was a small white flag—as the soldiers approached.

Seconds later, shots pierced the morning stillness as Chivington's troops swooped down on the stunned village. Cheyenne men, women, and children were slaughtered indiscriminately.

Yet the *Rocky Mountain News* reported, "Among the brilliant feats of arms in Indian warfare, the recent campaign of our Colorado Volunteers will stand in history with few rivals, and none to exceed in it final results....A thousand incidents of individual daring and the passing events of the day might be told, but space forbids. We leave the task for eyewitnesses to chronicle. All acquitted themselves well, and Colorado soldiers have again covered themselves in glory."

Another version of the event would later unfold. Chivington's men had choked off the Cheyenne horse herd on the southwestern ridge overlooking the Sand Creek village, causing the Indians to fight where they stood. Many Cheyennes scattered in mass confusion to get their families to safety. The sound of gunfire and screams added to the madness. Sharpshooters picked off a number of Cheyenne people from the surrounding ridge.

Nearby, a band of Arapahos under Chief Left Hand were caught in the onslaught. The few who did not fall, ran for their lives. The volunteer militia were later greeted in the mining boomtown of Denver by cheering citizens as they displayed Cheyenne scalps and severed genitals like trophies of war.

Major Scott J. Anthony of the First Colorado Cavalry would later give testimony on the Sand Creek massacre, relating one unforgettable scene of atrocity: "There was one little child, probably three years old, just big enough to walk through the sand. The Indians had gone ahead, and this little child was behind following after them. The little fellow was perfectly naked, traveling on the sand. I saw one man get off his horse, at a distance of about seventy-five yards, and draw up his rifle and fire—he missed the child. Another man came up and said, 'Let me try the son of a bitch; I can hit him.' He got down off his horse, kneeled down and fired at the little child, but he missed him. A third man came up and made a similar remark, and fired, and the little fellow dropped."

Mo-chi darted from her lodge, stopping only to pick up a Hawkens rifle that had belonged to her father. The rifle was a gift from two trappers he saved during one winter storm on the Bunch of Timber River (Smoky Hill River) in Kansas.

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She would carry the rifle for most of her remaining days.

On this morning, the twenty-three-year-old Mo-chi miraculously carried the rifle and herself to safety by scampering northward along the creek. Late that night as the survivors began to leave the Sand Creek area, she could hear drunken soldiers boasting about their kills.

Mo-chi and the other survivors eventually regrouped along the Bunch of Timber River, and walked to Cherry Creek. It was there they finally reached the fierce Dog Soldiers—one of five independent, Cheyenne war societies—with word of the Sand Creek massacre. Over 137 Indians were killed in the surprise attack. Among the slain were nine Cheyenne peace chiefs. Mo-chi lost everyone on her side of the family, including her husband, Standing Bull.

Anger spread throughout the Cheyenne camp, and the war pipes were sent to the allied Lakota and Arapaho bands to make war on the whites. The Lakota warriors accepted the war pipes, which meant they would lead the honored charge into battle. For the next thirty days, the Cheyennes healed their wounded on the banks of Cherry Creek and prepared for war.

Shortly before daybreak on January 7, 1865, Lakota warriors led the enraged Cheyennes into the small Colorado settlement of Julesburg, where they made the first of two attacks. A group of soldiers outside nearby Fort Rankin were savagely butchered. Vengeance was so great that day, Cheyenne women and children were even said to have taken part in the retaliation as they burned and plundered Julesburg's warehouses and stores. Mo-chi was among the avengers.

Yet the blood did not stop flowing.

Four years later—two days shy of the Sand Creek anniversary—Mo-chi and her extended families were

again the targets of an early-morning attack by U.S. troops. This time, the flamboyant Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer and his Seventh Cavalry charged into Black Kettle's sleeping village on the banks of the Lodgepole (Washita River).

Custer, by his own account, led the charge aboard a magnificent black stallion. He encountered a Cheyenne warrior in the village area who raised his rifle, only to be shot dead by Custer before he could squeeze the trigger. The horse then knocked another Indian to the ground as Custer headed south to a small knoll, where he watched the rest of the action.

Mo-chi again witnessed her people being slaughtered as she frantically tried to escape the swarming cavalry. Somewhere in the confusion, her three-year-old daughter, Measure Woman, was shot in the hip. The little girl was scooped up and carried to safety. Others were left dead or dying in the snow.

An eighteen-year-old named Red Bird tried to protect those Cheyennes crossing the river to the north. He stood in the river and fired at the soldiers before finally being killed himself. One family member glanced back at Red Bird, and saw his big, roan horse rearing up and down at his feet. The relative took aim and shot the horse so that it might join the warrior in the Spirit World.

Over one hundred Cheyenne men, women, and children may have died in the attack. Black Kettle, who never stopped believing he was at peace with the whites, was among the slain.

Whatever trust that still existed for the whites probably vanished from Mo-chi's heart that day. The scars of the Sand Creek and Washita attacks cut so deep, in five years time, she would declare an all-out war on white men. She vowed all white people would pay for their senseless destruction of her people and endless invasion of the Cheyenne homeland.

The rage inside her was probably unleashed with the help of her new husband, Medicine Water, who in 1873 became the head war chief of the powerful Bowstring Society. Mo-chi proved to be a worthy mate. She rode with Medicine Water and his band for the next two years as they terrorized settlers in Texas, Kansas, and Indian Territory.

Four surveyors on the Many Pipe Dance River (Cimarron River) in Indian Territory became the first of several victims Mo-chi and Medicine Water would leave in their wake. These men were killed in March 1873.

The following year Mo-chi and Medicine Water took their open warfare to Adobe Walls on the Canadian River. The establishment of this Texan outpost was viewed by the Plains Indians as an arrogant gesture, and on June 27, a combined force of some 700 Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas attacked the Adobe Walls station. Medicine Water led the charge for the Cheyenne warriors. He was joined by his brothers, Iron Shirt and Man On A Cloud.

The Comanches were guided by the great war chief, Quanah Parker, who was told by a tribal medicine man that none of the attacking Indians would die from white men's bullets. The medicine would prove bad, as would the surprise attack by the Indians. Drowsy buffalo hunters were awakened in time to punch holes through the adobe walls to return the fire of the charging Indians. Many warriors, meanwhile, took cover behind mammoth piles of buffalo hides.

Twenty-eight buffalo hunters and one woman miraculously held off each wave of attackers for a full day while trapped inside the station's dwellings. Several Indians, with hearts swelled by the prophecy of the Comanche medicine man, fearlessly rammed their horses into the doors. But they were quickly shot down by the deadly aim of the buffalo hunters. The legendary stand included Bat Masterson, who later earned fame as a cattle-town lawman. Fellow buffalo hunter Billy Dixon would also go down in western lore for his role at Adobe Walls. Dixon reportedly killed a mounted Indian from an estimated 1,250 yards with a .50-90 Sharps rifle.

By the time the gunsmoke cleared, countless Indians and three buffalo hunters laid dead.

The fiasco at Adobe Walls further enraged Mo-chi and Medicine Water.

Less than one week later, Mo-chi, Medicine Water, and sixteen other warriors killed freighter Patrick Hennessey and his three companions along the Chisholm Trail in Indian Territory. Hennessey's mutilated, burned remains were found tied to the back two wagon wheels of his freighter.

Six more surveyors died at the hands of Medicine Water and his band some sixty miles southwest of Dodge City, Kansas, two months later. One surveyor was found with a compass pounded into his forehead.

Mo-chi and Medicine Water received their greatest notoriety for the September 11, 1874, attack on the German family on the northwestern plains of Kansas.

John German, his wife, Liddia, and their seven children broke camp that morning on the Bunch of Timber River. German, a Civil War veteran from Georgia, had anticipated covering the fifteen-mile distance along the Butterfield Route to Fort Wallace by nightfall. He and his family then planned to depart Fort Wallace for Colorado Territory, their final destination No one in the family anticipated the nightmare that would follow.

Medicine Water and his warriors swept down on the Germans' covered wagon with the swiftness of a prairie fire. John was walking in front of the ox-drawn wagon with a rifle when the Cheyennes attacked. He was the first to die. The 138-pound Mo-chi drove an ax into his head.

Nineteen-year-old Stephen was helping his seventeen-year-old sister, Catherine, round up a small cow herd in a nearby hollow at the time. Stephen was also killed in a matter of moments. Liddia died by her dead husband's side, while another daughter, Rebecca, age twenty,

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Author's Collection

Mo-chi and Medicine Water, sitting, and an unidentified companion, while the couple were being held as Prisoners of War in Florida.

reportedly put up a fight before being killed. Rebecca's sister, Joanna, fifteen, was murdered after the attack for her long hair. The Cheyennes eventually rode off with the four remaining German girls as captives.

The attack on the Germans marked the beginning of the end for Mo-chi and Medicine Water on the open plains. The dead family members were found in early October, at which time a massive manhunt was already underway to capture Medicine Water and his hostile band. By then, even Mo-chi and Medicine Water were growing tired. Their ponies were thin from the lack of winter grass, and more importantly, they could no longer continue to feed and care for their families, who rode with them. They knew their fighting days had to come to an end.

While camped on the border of Indian Territory in No Man's Land, Mo-chi and Medicine Water first considered turning themselves in at the Darlington Agency. With them was Stone Forehead, Keeper of the Sacred Arrows. The Cheyenne couple decided to escort Stone Forehead to safety before laying down their arms.

Wearily, they pressed northward until they reached the safe refuge of the Bunch of Timber River in Kansas, where they believed the Sacred Arrows would be out of danger. Mo-chi and Medicine Water then proceeded back to the Darlington Agency, where they finally surrendered on March 5, 1875. The Cheyenne avengers would fight no more.

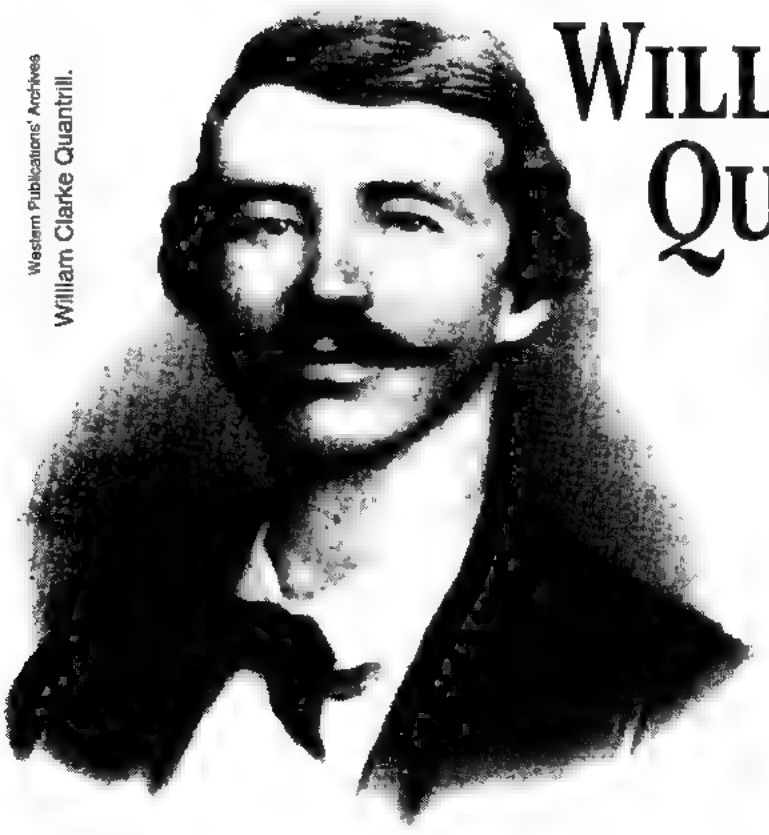
Mo-chi and Medicine Water were charged for their crimes and shipped to Fort Marion, Florida, as prisoners of war, with thirty other Cheyenne warriors. Mo-chi was the lone female prisoner in the group. For six weeks, the Cheyenne prisoners traveled from Indian Territory to Fort Marion in chains and shackles. Mo-chi and Medicine Water remained in Florida until their release on April 5, 1878.

By that time, the Cheyennes confronted a new fight—one of cultural survival.

Throughout the Great Plains, however, other Cheyenne warriors would carry on the fight for their homelands. In fact, Mo-chi would not be the last Cheyenne woman to take up arms against U.S. soldiers. A Northern Cheyenne named Buffalo Calf Road Woman would bring honor to her people on July 17, 1876, at the Battle of the Rosebud. Her brother, Chief Comes In Sight, charged the U.S. troops that day only to have his horse shot down from beneath him.

Buffalo Calf Road Woman suddenly bolted from the Indian ranks, and with enemy Crow scouts charging her brother, she picked up the warrior and rode to safety. Eight days later, she was said to have fought from horseback at Little Bighorn.

Like Buffalo Calf Road Woman, Mo-chi said she fought instinctively. Shortly before her death in 1881, Mo-chi was asked by family members why she rode the warpath. Solemnly, she responded, "I didn't do anything the long knives didn't do to us."



Western Publications' Archives
William Clarke Quantrill.

William Clarke Quantrill and His Demon Band

By Peter Hildebrandt

The year 1837 saw the start of hard times in the United States. The country would stay locked in financial panic for months. The year would see the tightening of the "gag rule" in Congress, prohibiting debate on slavery, while abolitionist publisher Elijah Lovejoy would be murdered by a mob in Illinois. At the same time the American Peace Society would grow active in its push to end all wars, defensive or offensive. Also in 1837, a child would be born who'd grow up to bear a title some thought he deserved more than anyone else: "bloodiest man in American History."

Friends from childhood remembered how William Clarke Quantrill never cried. Coming back from whippings at the hands of his school principal father, his body shook. But his eyes held steady without a trace of tears. Word of his cruelty to animals, from snakes and cats to cows, pigs, and even horses spread over the countryside. Not content with these alone he tormented other children whenever he could.

Whether because of his actions or through his own choosing, much of his time was spent alone. Will Quantrill couldn't be bothered with friends. Whether it troubled him or not he never said.

Though a gulf soon developed between him and his father, to his mother he was an angel, incapable of wrong. Charm gave way to manipulation, fostering laziness and an attitude that the world owed him. His childhood disdain for authority gave way to scheming and devilment as he got older.

But the childhood traits died hard. Later, on his infamous guerrilla raids, Quantrill's bravery and excitement during combat gave way to laughter, guerrilla Frank Smith recalled.

"A sort of gay, nervous chuckle arose. This strange giggle at times came right after he'd killed a man. Guerrillas themselves found it rather eerie—even a little frightening."

Eventually they realized his drive had less to do with salvation of the Confederacy and all to do with love of killing.

"He bore malice," author Carl W. Breihan asserted, "cherishing it, waiting until he could wreak his venom. He was coldly calculating and had the patience to wait silently for the right time for his vengeance."

From an impoverished background in Canal Dover, Ohio, William Clarke Quantrill headed west. He bounced between different towns and situations, first to Mendota, Illinois, working as a schoolteacher, then lumberyard worker, then to Fort Wayne, Illinois, and eventually to Kansas Territory.

In Mendota he may have killed his first man. Details are obscure, but he was arrested and accused of the murder of a stranger in the lumberyard. Quantrill pleaded self-defense through two different stories, one in which he'd been nearly robbed and another when the man attacked him as he slept in the lumberyard office.

Because the man was a stranger in town and there were no witnesses to dispute Quantrill's versions, he was released under the condition that he leave town.

Eventually returning home,

Quantrill learned that a friend, Richard Beeson, his father, and another man, Torrey, planned to find their fortune in Kansas. Quantrill begged to go along. His mother begged for them to take him too. They reluctantly agreed, knowing they would have their hands full with him.

At first he helped to begin clearing the 160 acres of a Kansas Territory homestead to repay his passage with them. Then he reverted to his old, lazier ways, complaining much of the time. One night, Beeson opened his eyes to see Quantrill standing over him, knife in hand. Beeson shouted for Torrey to grab Quantrill and proceeded to beat him with a hickory stick until William begged him to stop.

Quantrill was told that the only reason they let him stay was out of respect for his mother and her hopes they'd make a man out of him. William left abruptly. He then encountered someone who convinced him to demand his share of the homestead claim. A squatter's court ruled Quantrill should be paid $63.

Beeson had no money to make payments so Quantrill stole a blanket, pistols, and two oxen. The men caught up with William on the prairie, disarmed him, and took back their belongings. They also chastised Quantrill, warning him that he was in league with the devil and that he would come to no good.

Alone with his thoughts, William Quantrill reflected on his situation in a note to his mother:

> I've but one wish, and that is that you were here, for I cannot be happy here all alone; and it seems that I am the only person or thing that is not happy along this beautiful stream. But I must close my letter, or I will make you sad; and in caring for three helpless children you have cares enough, without my adding to them.

But William Clarke Quantrill couldn't set himself to the work of carving out a future for himself in the new territory. Repeatedly, property turned up missing in the settlements. People discovered Quantrill had sold stolen goods in surrounding towns. With pressure mounting for him to leave, he ended up in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, taking the name Charley Hart.

There, he joined an army expedition to Utah. Then he headed to the Colorado goldfields, but poor luck drove him back to Kansas.

Over the months Quantrill settled into law-abiding pursuits. He taught school and continued writing home. In his letters he expressed regrets about ever venturing west and he appeared homesick for the good times he remembered in Canal Dover, Ohio. He spoke and taught against slavery, yet wrote his mother that he favored it, as did many people in Missouri, adding that Kansans were lawless people.

The peace didn't last long. When the school term ended in spring 1860, Quantrill headed for Lawrence, Kansas, and resumed his Charley Hart identity with all its cruelty, stealing, and even murder. The previous short months proved his last chance at decency. Though he ached to return to it, fate had him discard it—never to turn back.

Ironically, he found himself in the midst of a prelude to the Civil War. He fit right in with his disrespect for the law and the ease with which he could shift sides in the pro-slavery, free-soil conflicts raging all around him. In the end it all came down to money for Quantrill. The fact that he could fake being an aid to the underground railroad to sell escaped slaves back into slavery bothered him little.

The United States Congress enacted the infamous Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854. For the next five years, Kansas Territory seethed with violence. Congress passed another law allowing a territory's people to decide slavery's legality within its borders. Instead of peace, this new legislation led to violent clashes from both sides of the slavery issue.

While the South had David Atchinson to encourage Missouri "Border Ruffians," Free-soilers had James H. Lane and his "Jayhawkers" to help fire back with their own brand of rabble-rousing. Lane made Lawrence, Kansas, his seat of operations.

Atrocities abounded on both sides, including brutal murders by Free-Soiler John Brown at Pottawatomie Creek in Kansas. Atchison and hundreds of Missouians followed Brown back into Missouri, killing one of Brown's sons but failing to completely rout Brown and his followers.

Though Quantrill claimed to agree with Jim Lane in letters home, in reality nothing drove him to act but revenge and malice. By 1860 he was living in Lawrence, using both sides to his gain. After living with Delaware Indians in the area for three months, he stole some of their ponies. After being publicly accused by White Turkey, a Delaware warrior, Quantrill backed away from a gun cocked at his head and disappeared into a crowd.

Next, Quantrill, again as Charley Hart, started a fire to flush out a runaway slave. The fire did its job and Hart captured the runaway and sold him back into slavery in Missouri. This time witnesses recognized Hart, and an indictment was drawn up by the county attorney. Charges included kidnapping, arson, larceny, and burglary.

Over the next months, Charley Hart, who eventually went by Charley Quantrill and finally William Clarke Quantrill, involved himself in attempted captures of runaway slaves, killings, robbery, and of course, more lying. After riding with both Jayhawkers and Border Ruffians, Quantrill finally became a hero of the latter— soon to be the Confederates.

Though banished from Kansas, Quantrill returned to the new state in search of loot, money, or someone to trick and kill. He was captured at the cabin of John Bennings, a shiftless and rabidly pro-slavery friend. In town, with the constable present but not watching, a man placed a rifle to Quantrill's chest and pulled the trigger. A misfire saved his life.

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Sixteen armed Border Ruffians saved Quantrill from deliverance. His jail time ended after three days, when his supporters obtained a writ of habeas corpus. As he went to mount his horse, a sheriff from a neighboring county rode up with another arrest warrant with Quantrill's name on it.

Quantrill bent over, swatted his rear in a vulgar way, then jumped on his horse and spurred it on to Missouri. His supporters blocked his pursuit.

In the early stages of the Civil War, Quantrill had trouble fitting in. After an engagement with Union troops at Dry Wood Creek, a cannonball hit near him, souring him to regular soldiering.

A dramatic raid in the Blue Springs, Missouri, area in which a small group repulsed a raiding band of Kansans, led him to his calling: guerrilla warfare. Men who joined him largely ignored authority—even Confederate troop life. Many had one goal: enriching themselves. Some even surpassed Quantrill in their cruelty.

"Bloody Bill" Anderson, who lived up to his name, was a brutal, twisted outlaw who is said to have tied knots in a silk cord for each victim he murdered. His final count stood at fifty-four, according to his comrades.

"He's a maniac in battle," said another fellow raider, "with no regard for the lives of his men. He'd often cry and froth at the mouth in battle simply because he couldn't kill a whole regiment of the enemy in a few minutes."

Quantrill reputedly let some people live. Anderson never made exceptions.

Though Anderson was easily the handsomest and most dapper of Quantrill's bushwackers, he still was described as having eyes that were a cross between those of an eagle and a snake. One preacher who met Anderson remembered how "over his features continually there played a look of infinite conceit and a sneering smile of ineffable contempt."

Other equally dangerous men following Quantrill included George Todd, who all the younger men in the group worshipped; and eighteen-year-old Archie Clements, murderously skilled with both gun and knife. The latter at times mutilated and scalped his prey without remorse.

Some who'd go on to find even more renown included Frank James and later, his brother, Jesse. Thomas Coleman Younger also ended up with this group.

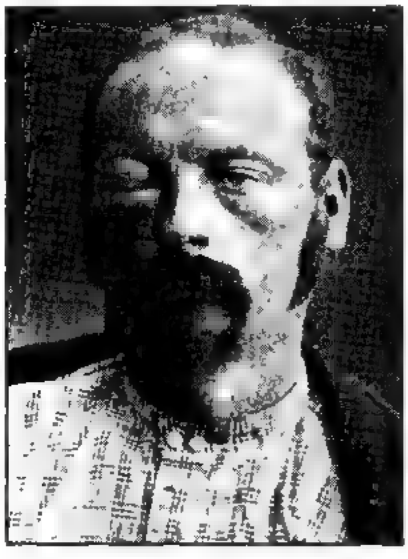
For the next months, Quantrill's band acted as many different units than one, splitting, reforming, and scouring the Missouri countryside for supplies. They did their best to harass and murder Union troops in the area. Their dress usually consisted of nothing more than a red farmer's shirt with feathered hat or stolen Union blues.

The harder the Union forces tried to stop the band, the easier it became for Quantrill. The former had only worn out old horses, while the latter had the pick of the coun-

They Rode With Quantrill

Bloody Bill Anderson

George Todd



Cole Younger

Jesse James

tryside's mounts. Under these circumstances Quantrill's forces were essentially limitless, while Union men prayed for new assignments.

Raids continued as both Quantrill's numbers and his reputation grew. By early 1862, even some Union generals knew his name. As the raids grew more vicious, General Halleck issued an order that changed everything. It condemned the raiders as outlaws in need of nothing but elimination. Capture meant execution in the manner of ordinary horse thieves or murderers. Quantrill bristled when he read this in a St. Louis newspaper.

Cole Younger explained the change. "Where at first there was only killing in ordinary battle, there became to be no quarter shown. The wounded of the enemy next felt the might of this individual vengeance, acting through a community of bitter memories, and from every stricken field there began, by and by, to come up the substance of this awful bulletin: Dead, such and such a number— wounded, none."

Quantrill's actions grew more and more daring. First they managed to neutralize Union forces in Independence, Missouri, through sheer nerve and a clever trick. City defenders were told not to fire by one of the raiders, who managed to con them as they came into the city. The defeat sent shock waves through northern forces in Missouri. Olathe, Kansas, proved an easy target in a relatively bloodless attack—a surprising little dress rehearsal for the coming deluge on a much larger Kansas town.

By the middle of December 1862, Quantrill, driven by his success, swelled with pride and ambition. He deserved a colonelship, or so he thought. He left the West and went to the Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia, filled with visions of meetings with Jefferson Davis, gala balls in his honor, and journalists hanging on his every word.

When he arrived, a different scene met him. Davis didn't see him, and the city stood oblivious to his feats of daring against enemy forces in Missouri. The last straw was his meeting with Confederate War Secretary James A. Seddan. After asking for a colonel's commission, Quantrill proposed an all-out war. When Seddan queried about prisoners, Quantrill shot back that there would be none.

Quantrill failed to gain his colonel's rank, but it didn't stop him from referring to himself as such. He even had his photo taken in the uniform of a Confederate colonel.

But Quantrill returned to Missouri discouraged and depressed. The snub cut deep. He hadn't gotten the expected reward for his service to the South. He found comfort in an abandoned log cabin with his mistress, fifteen-year-old Kate King. Kate eventually married him and went by Kate Clarke, avoiding his infamous surname.

We may never have heard any more of William Clarke Quantrill if Union General Thomas Ewing, Jr., hadn't arrived on the scene and a certain Kansas City structure hadn't collapsed. Ewing had one of the toughest assignments anywhere: to stop Quantrill and his guerrillas in the West. In the end Ewing would be nearly as hated by Southerners as Quantrill was by Northerners.

The new general went to work immediately, pursuing raiders, surprising them in ambushes, sending spies in their midst, and setting up a system of border patrol stations. He announced General Order Number Ten, which in effect condemned all families of the raiders and anyone caught aiding them. A group of women captured and taken to Kansas City for imprisonment included one guerrilla's sister-in-law, two cousins of Cole Younger, and two sisters of Bloody Bill Anderson.

The women found themselves housed in the three-story building of artist George Caleb Bingham. The latter, away in Europe, had no idea of the building's poor condition. The women were housed on the second floor, and on August 14, tragedy struck.

Without warning the structure creaked and fell in upon itself. Survivors claimed the Federals purposely planted them there to kill them. Anderson's sister, Josephine, one of Younger's cousins, and three others lay dead. Anderson's other sister, Mary, would remain permanently crippled.

Word spread through the countryside that the Union meant to kill the prisoners. Nothing could have been more untrue and nothing worse could have happened to the already harassed Union forces. Anderson, Younger, and others screamed for vengeance.

Now Quantrill and his forces had a reason to attack. What better way, too, for the South to take notice of the "scourge of Kansas?"

The decision took twenty-four hours of thrashing about before it became final. Quantrill argued down each point raised. He knew now he fought for his very reason for existence. If they wouldn't follow him now they never would. According to one account a roll call of all who would go was taken. Cole Younger replied last.

"And you, Cole Younger? How do you feel about it?"

"I say sack the town...."

"Kill every man big enough to carry a gun," added Quantrill, "and burn every house. Saddle up."

The summer of 1863, with all the good news from Vicksburg to Gettysburg, found Union hot-bed Lawrence, Kansas, full of reasons to celebrate. The town had prospered during the war from government contract money, immigrants streaming through buying supplies, and everyone else demanding cattle, horses, and produce from area farmers and local merchants.

The town had filled with attractive homes, a handsome hotel, and many fine stores. The four-story Eldridge House hotel shone even brighter since its rebuilding after pro-slavery forces destroyed it in 1856. Now it stood as one of the best hotels this side of the Mississippi River. Even Horace Greeley called it magnificent.

The town lay like a ripe watermelon ready for plucking and plun-

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dering. Lawrence's mayor had refused to allow men in the town to keep government-supplied weapons. He had them stored safely in the armory after a rumor of Quantrill's approach led him to call in militia from outlying areas for protection. For two nights the town and the militia waited with cannon and arms at ready.

Next day, all of the protecting forces disbanded. Farmers returned to their fields, while talk and laughter centered on the mayor who had cried wolf. With Ewing's border stations how could the 3,000 people of Lawrence have anything to fear? But Quantrill and his men had other plans for Lawrence, Kansas.

When his forces finally arrived at the Kansas border at 3:30 PM, August 19, they passed just below one of Ewing's new outposts manned by Captain Joshua Pike. A more inept leader would have been hard to find. When a farmer reported to Pike on the forces he saw heading west and his suspicions of them being Quantrill, Pike sent word of this news to the East, where it was needed least. He did not attempt to stop, find, or pursue the riders. No order came that would have prevented the carnage in Lawrence

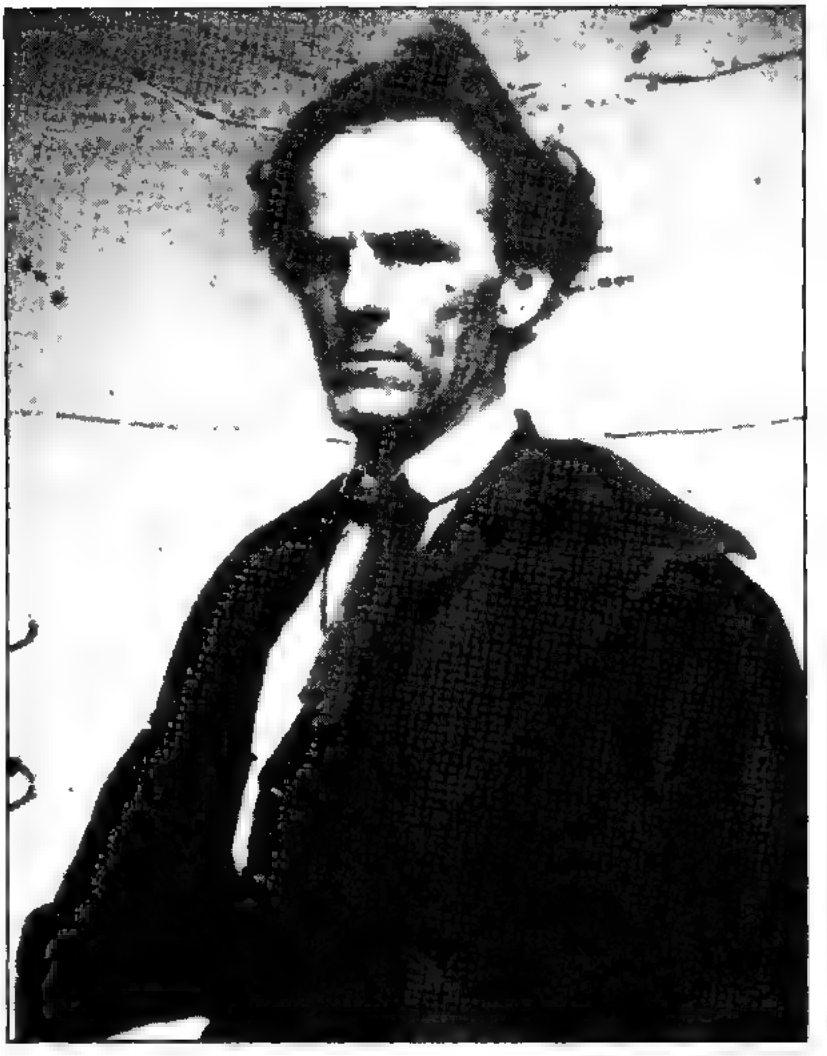
As he rode on, Quantrill had his men scattered to avoid creating an obvious trail. The tactic worked When Union forces finally tried to trail him the signs petered out.

Just before they swept into Lawrence at 5:15 AM, August 21, 1863, Quantrill gave the faint-hearted among his men one last chance to back out. None took his offer.

An unarmed group of young federal soldiers camped east of Massachusetts Street felt the first blow. Nearly twenty died in three minutes. A hail of bullets ripped into their tents as they were trampled by guerrilla horses.

One of the few to survive the first deadly wave raised his hands up after a bullet took him to his knees.

"For God's sake don't murder me!" he pleaded, while an answer came with another round.



Western Publications' Archives

James Henry Lane was hated by Quantrill. Quantrill claimed that if he ever caught Lane, he would burn him at the stake

"No quarter for you Federal sons of bitches!"

Another boy had the luck to enter a house and strip from his uniform into civilian clothes. While the raiders waited for someone in blue to come out the front he ducked out the back door in his new disguise, one of the very few to live through the day.

Nearby, black recruits, alerted to the raid, swam the Kansas River to safety. The rest of that early morning filled with scores of stories of death, destruction, torture, and miraculous luck.

Quantrill and his band first stopped at the Eldridge House. Here they could test the waters, discover any possible ambushes. Not much time passed before they learned that the hotel and all of Lawrence itself lay at their feet. Most of the rifles and arms sat in the armory, neatly stacked. Ironically, this was one of the few places not to feel the heat of a torch.

The rest of that morning, as the sun started to rise, the town filled with the screams of Lawrence's citizens. As Quantrill's men went about their killing, wives stood gasping at the sight, pleading for the lives of the men beside them.

Age mattered little. Young boys and elderly men—any breathing male—could find a horrible death awaiting him. Most raiders forbade wives and family from dragging their wounded men from burning homes. As the looting and drinking progressed, events turned even more ruthless.

Luck of the survivors made little sense. One man sat out in the sun, with his wife and family, shading

them from the heat with an umbrella. Perhaps because of this comical scene amid all the mayhem, none of Quantrill's murderers molested these people.

Another young man, Judge Louis Carpenter, avoided death with his cool genial ways and tactful manner of dealing with any guerrilla who entered his home. Neither his house was harmed nor was he killed. Finally a drunken group—the last—came. His charm didn't phase them. When they discovered he came from New York, they shot him in the back as he fled into the house. Carpenter then tried to escape outside and was shot again in the yard. One drunk raider pulled his grieving wife off his body and fired again, into his head.

Carpenter was one of scores not even on Quantrill's "death list." His only crime was his place of residence on that August morning. One top name on the death list was the inflammatory Senator Jim Lane.

Alerted early in the attack, Lane ran to the door in his nightclothes and tore off the family name plate. In the few minutes left, he and the family scrambled to find their hidden firearms—no luck. They'd been hidden too well. A showy saber was all he could find.

When he saw a band heading straight for his house, he dropped the sword and escaped, in bare feet and still in nightclothes, out a rear window. He dove into a cornfield and charged across sixty acres until he made it to a farmhouse.

There he got the farmer to give him clothes and shoes. The pants were far too short for Lane's lanky frame; the shoes barely fit on his feet. At another farmhouse he got an aged horse and rode off, trying to warn people. Meanwhile, Quantrill's men wrecked and burned Lane's house, despite Mary Lane's repeated attempts to extinguish the flames.

In some ways Lane's survival insured continued destruction, bloodshed, and vengeance. As soon as he could, Lane met with General Ewing and blasted him for his failure to protect Lawrence. He threatened that if Ewing took no strong action against Missouri, the general's political and professional career would be finished.

Thus was born the infamous General Order Number Eleven and the destruction of hundreds of square miles, including scores of farms in western Missouri. Basically direct revenge against Quantrill, the action was justified as a means to cripple the guerrillas' source of food and shelter.

A Kentucky newspaper reporter spoke with the dying Quantrill in 1865. The ex-guerilla leader offered the following regarding Jim Lane and that fateful day in Lawrence:

> 'You want to know what would have been done with Jim Lane had he been captured?' As he asked this question his eyes flashed fire. He looked the fiend incarnate as he nearly hissed his answer between clenched teeth 'I would have burned him at the stake!'

Western Publications Archives

Quantrill's skull as well as his bones were donated to the Dover Historical Society in Dover, Ohio

Back in Lawrence the killing continued. Cole Younger could not recall how many men he had killed. In the end, 185 men and boys, some burned beyond recognition, lay dead in the wasted city of Lawrence. But the carnage elsewhere would continue for years. Quantrill's band fractured into smaller ones, and the atrocities continued.

One episode involving Bloody Bill Anderson proved especially revolting. Union soldiers, including wounded, were captured on a train and horribly massacred in front of the other train passengers. The train was set on fire. Soon after, Anderson met his own violent death, with two bullets to the head. His body was propped up in a courthouse and photographed before being beheaded.

Quantrill would die farther east, in Kentucky, while planning an assassination attempt against President Abraham Lincoln. Though he hoped this would insure him even more renown in the South, like others of his band he mostly reverted to pure thievery and murder. He was no more committed to the Confederacy than to the Union.

After being tracked down and shot—largely because he'd recently lost his reliable horse—Quantrill lingered for weeks in Louisville, Kentucky. He converted to the Catholic faith. Following Quantrill's dying request, the priest asked kitchen workers to dump slop on the guerrilla's grave to help hide it from vandals.

A friend from Quantrill's childhood, William Walter Scott, traveled to the Kentucky grave site in 1887. He removed the remains and returned them for burial to Dover, Ohio. But for some reason Scott kept the skull and several other bones. In 1972, after almost a century, the skull turned up and was donated to the Dover Historical Society.

The society's director had Kent State University's Anthropology Department form a wax replica of Quantrill's head. Some twenty years later, on October 30, 1992, the skull was finally laid to rest in an infant's coffin. Quantrill's wax head remains in the Dover Historical Society's old refrigerator. It's taken out at least once a year and bedecked with red and green ribbons—to add a bit more cheer to their annual Christmas party.

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True West Legends:
JACK SLADE

By Roy O'Dell

January 22, 1831—Joseph Alfred "Jack" Slade is born in Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, to Charles Slade and Mary D. Kain. In all the Slades had five children, William H. D. Slade, born April 21, 1820; Charles Richard Slade, May 2, 1822; Mary H. Slade, May 7, 1824; and Maria Virginia Slade, August 29, 1832.

Spring 1842—Young Alf, and a group of boys are playing in a vacant lot in Carlyle, laughing about how they had vandalized "Old Man" Gottlieb's backhouse. The boys delighted in teasing the old German, just to hear his explosion of Teutonic wrath. Gottlieb would always single out young Alf as the culprit, and words would fly. On this occasion, young Slade throws a stone at the old man, hitting him on the forehead, killing him instantly. Although this incident may have taken place, it is not the cause for Slade's departure west as previously thought.

May 4, 1847—Joseph A. Slade seeks out an army recruiter and enrolls for the duration of the war with Mexico. He gives his age as eighteen, but is actually sixteen. He lists his occupation as a farmer. He and his fellow recruits march to Alton, Illinois, and arrive there on May 19, 1847. Slade is now a soldier in Captain Thomas Bond's Company A, First Regiment, Illinois Foot Volunteers. Commanded by Colonel Edward W.B. Newby of Brown County, the regiment moves to Fort Leavenworth, Missouri Territory, then west on the Santa Fe Trail. Young Slade is on extra duty as a teamster. Now stationed at Santa Fe, New Mexico, Slade sees little action or none at all.

October 16, 1848—Private Joseph A. Slade is honorably discharged at Alton, Illinois.

October 31, 1848—Jack signs an "Oath of Identity" form and sends it to officials in Washington DC, with a request for a veteran's land warrant. Slade is granted 160 acres on March 14, 1849, and leaves for California to exercise his warrant

January 17, 1849—The first mention of a J. Slade can be found in C.W. Haskins' *The Argonauts of California* where it lists "J. Slade" as a passenger aboard the ship *Apollo* that arrives in San Francisco on September 18, 1849. The trip originates from Boston on January 17, 1849, and possibly stops in New York to pick up passengers. Jack's reason for moving to California had been undoubtedly enhanced by the discovery of gold in February 1848.

1857—Back from California, Slade is hired to lead sixteen supply wagons from Westport, Missouri, to a spot near Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Slade works for the famous freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, which has secured a government contract to supply General Albert Johnston's Utah Expedition. The provisions are needed by troops engaged in putting down the so-called "Mormon Uprising."

1858—While working for Russell, Majors & Waddell, Jack is engaged in an argument with one of his drivers. He shoots and kills the man. This incident is alleged to have been witnessed by Granville Stuart.

Fall 1858—From the reminiscences of Hugo Koch come stories of Slade's trip west. At Atchison, Kansas, Koch joins a wagon train under the direction of Slade. During the trip cross-country from east of the Green River in Wyoming to the Great Salt Lake Valley, Slade and another man, Andrew Farrar, get into a drinking contest. When both are thoroughly intoxicated, Slade remarks that no man should ever challenge him to draw his gun without first preparing to meet the Almighty. At this, Farrar dares him to draw. Slade pulls his Colt Navy revolver and shoots Farrar. Jack immediately regrets his actions, but Farrar dies nonetheless.

Koch's reminiscences also include the first mention of Slade's wife, Maria Virginia Slade. Jack named a stage station "Virginia Dale" in her honor. Maria's family was from Missouri, and Jack possibly met her there.

1859—Jack and Maria return to Missouri from a brief residence in Georgia. Jack is employed as a guide for emigrant wagon trains.

Spring 1860—Ben Ficklin, route superintendent for Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Line, appoints Jack Slade as Sweetwater Division agent. This area, west of Julesburg along the North Platte River in Wyoming, is one of the line's most inefficient.

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The station has been managed by a French-Canadian named Jules Beni. Slade's first priority is to relieve Beni of his position after numerous complaints and thefts of stock. After many confrontations, the two men finally resort to gun play. Slade arrives at Beni's ranch unarmed and is shot six times with a pistol. Not satisfied, Beni empties both barrels of his shotgun into Slade. Near death, Slade is saved by an army surgeon who is summoned from Fort Laramie, 167 miles away.

Summer 1860—William Frederick Cody meets William H. Russell, who gives him a letter of introduction to Slade. Jack hires Cody as a Pony Express rider at the Sweetwater station.

September 1860—Indians attack a relay station and make off with the entire stock. Slade meets James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, who agrees to lead a band of riders to recover the stolen animals.

Winter 1860-Fall 1861—Slade learns that Jules Beni has been seen in Colorado, but Jack bides his time and waits to get revenge until Beni visits Wyoming's Cold Springs station. Jack and two friends named Scott and Hodges arm themselves and head out after Beni. Jules sees Slade arrive on the stage and runs to find cover. Scott and Hodges, however, get the drop on Jules, force him to surrender, and tie him up for Slade. Depending on different accounts, Slade shoots and tortures Beni before finally killing him. Jack cuts off Beni's ears, which he keeps for watch fobs.

August 1861— Slade comes to the aid of wealthy merchant Joseph Plante, who is being threatened by Henry Bacon and Harry Smith, murderers and thieves. Plante owns a store fifteen miles below Independence Rock, Wyoming. Bacon and Smith plan to kill him and take over his store and land. Plante finds out about the plot to kill him, and asks Slade for protection. A few days later, Smith is in the store trying to pick an argument with Plante when Slade appears with four friends. After exchanging words, Smith is dragged outside and hanged. Slade's men capture Bacon and bring him back to join his friend at the end of a rope. This episode occurs around the time Jack Slade meets Mark Twain, when the writer stops at Slade's Rocky Ridge, Wyoming, station. Twain remembers Slade in his book *Roughing It*, published in 1872.

Winter 1861—During an argument, a Mexican and an American, both employed by the United States military, fight it out, and the American is killed. The Mexican escapes to the ranch of John Sarah, located at Cottonwood Springs, Wyoming. Slade sends word to Sarah to order the man from his ranch. Sarah resists the order, and Slade sends a few of his men to get the Mexican. Shooting starts, and Sarah, his Indian wife, another Indian who is visiting, and a rancher named Lonnel are all killed. Four children, although not hurt by the shooting, are found later. A five-year-old boy is discovered by United States mail agents and taken to Slade's stage station. Slade and his wife look after the boy, who they name Jemmy.

October 15, 1862—According to an indictment handed down by a Denver grand jury on February 23, 1863, "William [sic] Slade, Hiram Kelly, Naylor Thompson and Robert Scott assaulted with intent to kill one George R. Sanderson of Laporte."

November 15, 1862—Jack is discharged from his duties as division agent because of his heavy drinking, frightening of passengers, and outrages of ransacking, burning stations, and plundering. Although Jack may have been innocent of these crimes, he is blamed as an instigator of riots.

Spring 1863—Jack turns up at Fort Bridger with a small, but well-equipped freighting outfit. Here he makes his headquarters and operates an outfit between Salt Lake City and mines in Idaho. He drinks constantly, frequently to excess.

October 1863—Slade is one of thousands drawn to the Alder Gulch, Montana, goldfields. Slade and Henry S. Gilbert purchase a small ranch about eight miles east of Virginia City, Montana. Before long Jack is back in the freighting business.

December 1863—Slade spends less time at his ranch and more time in the saloons. When drunk he is a dangerous, insulting man to tangle with. When sober, he is often remorseful

February 1864—Slade is well aware of the Vigilance Committee in Virginia City; in fact, he helps capture Henry Plummer gang member Bill Hunter, who is hanged on February 2, 1864.

March 1, 1864—Slade and his gang of drinking cronies, while carousing in Virginia City, do a considerable amount of damage for which they refuse to pay. Fined by the local people's court and warned, Slade returns to his ranch.

March 8, 1864—Slade returns to Virginia City although he has been warned to stay away. With his

True West Legends:
JACK SLADE

The Killing of Jules Beni
By C.M. Russell

friends, Jack loots a place called the Chebang. The next day Slade and company continue their drunken reign of terror. Slade rides his horse into Dorris' store and threatens to kill an old man. Later he rides into a saloon, orders wine, and attempts to force it down his poor horse. In the Ishington Billiard Hall, he tries to pick a fight with Vigilante leader John X. Beidler. Later that evening, the famous Kate Harper takes the stage in one of Virginia City's opera halls. Slade begins shouting obscenities from the audience, and the performance comes to an abrupt halt.

March 10, 1864—Slade is still going strong, creating misery wherever he goes, accosting citizens, and trying to pick a fight with whomever he meets. Friends try, with little effect, to get Slade on his horse and out of town. Meanwhile, Sheriff Alex Davis secures warrants for the arrest of Slade and William Fairweather on the grounds of disturbing the peace. Bill Fairweather, George Oer, and two others snatch the warrants from the sheriff and tear them up. A few minutes later, Slade arrives and boasts that no court could keep the peace. The sheriff finds Captain James Williams, leader of the Vigilantes, and a committee is called to decide Slade's fate. It is agreed that Jack should hang. Slade, upon seeing a large group of vigilantes coming up the street, flees to Judge Davis's office and begs for mercy. It is to late. Jack is arrested, and in a short time sentenced to be hanged. Slade falls to his knees before the vigilantes and requests that someone ride out to his ranch to get his wife. His last wish is declined. Still begging for his life, Slade is taken to Elephant Corral, located in a tributary of Alder Gulch, and hanged.

WHAT TO READ:

An Ear in His Pocket: The Life of Jack Slade, by Roy O'Dell & Kenneth Jessen.
Loveland, Colorado: J.V. Publications, 1996.
Slade's Wells Fargo Colt, by John B. McClernan.
Hicksville, New York: Exposition Press, 1977.
The Hanging of Bad Jack Slade, by Dahney O. Collins.
Denver: Golden Bell Press, 1963.

WHERE TO GO:

Virginia City, Montana. The town was saved from becoming another of many ghost towns and thrives today as a tourist attraction. Many of the original buildings are still standing. Visit Boot Hill, where members of the Henry Plummer gang are buried, hanged by vigilantes in 1864.
Virginia Dale, Colorado. The station is still standing, and a new, tin roof replaces the old one. A plaque commemorates Jack Slade residing there.
Montana Historical Society, Helena, Montana. The society has a wealth of information concerning Jack Slade and others of interest in Virginia City and the immediate area.

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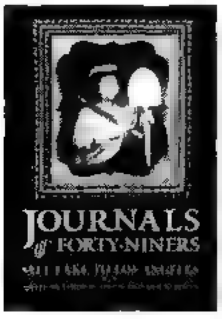

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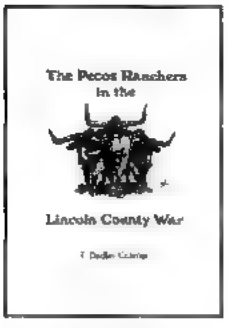

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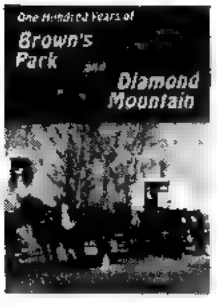

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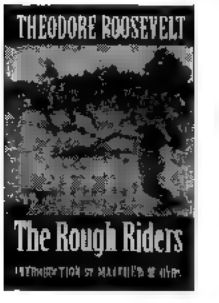

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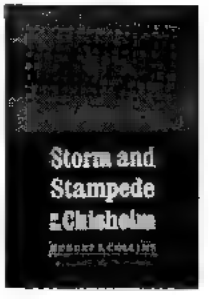

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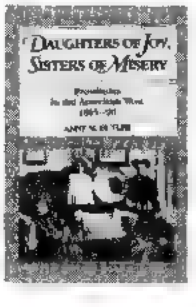

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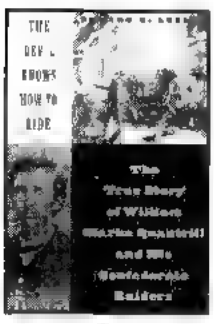

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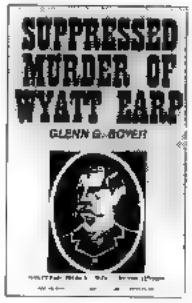

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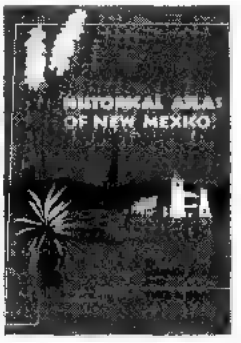

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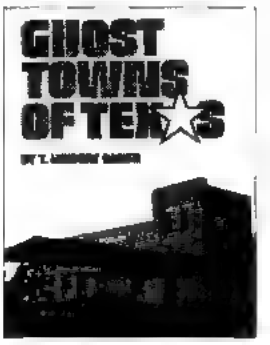

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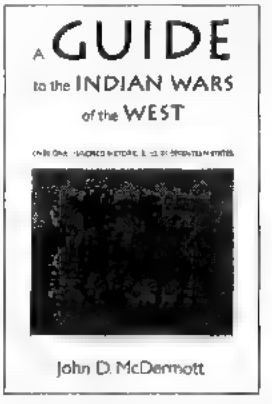

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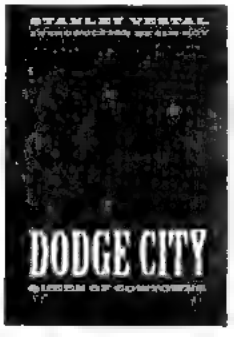

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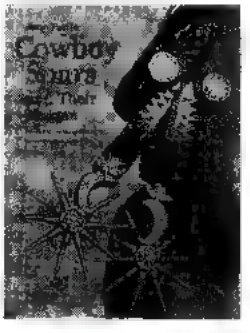

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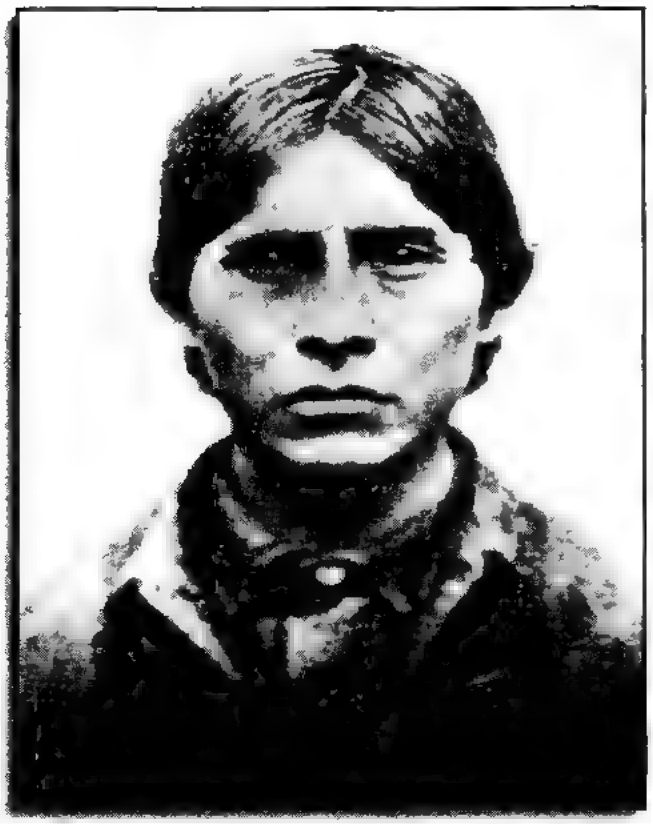
The Search for the Apache Kid's Daughter

Part I



Courtesy of Phyllis De la Garza

The Apache Kid.

Author's Collection, Courtesy of Nelda Whetten Villa

Lupe Fimbres Muñoz.

"For every shot at a hostile the pursuers travel two hundred miles over the roughest, wildest, most forsaken country on the face of the globe; consumed by sultry heat; devoured at night by a myriad of atrocious insects; too tired and hot to relish the greasy fare of bacon and heavy bread; with sore and sometimes bleeding feet; with clothing soaked for days at a time by tremendous rains, which obliterate every trail. From the time of crossing the Mexican line until the return to the U.S., they do not see a post office, telegraph office or railroad. They are as much shut off from the world as though midway on a journey to the moon..."

Thus wrote Charles Lummis in 1886 about the Sierra Madre and Geronimo's camp, then located thirty miles north-northeast of Nácori Chico in eastern Sonora.

These were also the final desperate days before Geronimo surrendered.

The history of the Apache conflict in the Southwest is well documented up to 1886. The United States cavalry, accompanied by Apache Scouts, doggedly followed what they thought were the last of the renegade Apaches. It was also on the steep slopes of the rugged Sierra that they came to understand Geronimo's statement, "I don't fight Mexicans with cartridges. I fight them with rocks and keep my cartridges to fight the white soldiers."

In the final days before the surrender, there were acknowledged to be several smaller groups of the tribe scattered throughout the region and many of the Apache leaders asked for time to return to Mexico and round up their people. Promising to return to the reservations they detested was bitter justice and, understandably, as many as 200 remained in Mexico. Once

By Lynda A. Sánchez

Geronimo surrendered very little attention was paid to those who stayed in the Sierra and raiding and conflict continued on the Mexican side of the border.

It had literally become a hit-and-run existence, with the remnant Apaches breaking into small bands and disappearing into the deep *barrancas* of the Sierra Madre. Through the years, from 1886 on, there were hostilities with ranchers, miners, and loggers. Forays by small groups occurred in the borderland areas of Arizona and New Mexico. Mormon and Mexican residents of the mountains became their victims, as did local ranchers and farmers just across the border in the U.S. During the 1920s, Apaches were more often sighted on the U.S. side of the border. Livestock was stolen and several men were killed. Then, as for centuries past, the Apaches retreated to their mountain refuges in Mexico.

Worsening conditions at the San Carlos, Arizona, Indian agency caused some Apaches to break away and head for Mexico. Mexico had provided them a safe haven in the past, and they joined forces with the scattered remnant bands of the "lost" Apaches of the Sierra Madre. Of course, they were not really "lost." They were, however, lost in terms of being included on the reservation rolls or being named as members of specific Chokonen, Chihenne, Mescalero, or Western Apache bands. They were basically a band unto themselves and included not only dispossessed Apaches from the United States, who preferred freedom to the imprisonment and degradation of reservation life, but, on occasion, "white" men and other renegades from the borderlands.

For a brief but violent period, the Fimbres family of Nácori Chico survived bloody shoot-outs with these Apaches in the late 1920s and early 1930s. As late as 1934 another encounter occurred at a pass near Cumpas, Sonora. Surprised by a group of cowboys, the Apaches were convoying a stolen pack train to their mountain stronghold. Their leader and four women were killed

Author's Collection, Courtesy of Nelda Whetten Villa

The posse that searched for three years for Gerardo Fimbres, kidnapped by Apaches in 1927.

and several children captured. The warriors were reported to be carrying human scalps, still bloody, and dangling from their belts. Among the scalps were those of three local merchants.

Raids on ranches and villages revived fear and memories of old horrors long forgotten among the isolated ranchos of northern Mexico, causing old timers along the U.S. border considerable apprehension. Somewhere close by these Apaches must have kept semi-permanent camps from where they could strike and return for rest and additional supplies.

Led by a warrior called Indio, or Apache Juan, the Apaches grew bolder, continually preying on small pueblos and outlying ranches. Attempts were made to subdue them, all with little success. Finally, a posse bent on revenge for the 1927 kidnapping of young Gerardo Fimbres and the murder of his mother, tracked them down, killing Apache Juan and a few others in 1931.

There are innumerable exciting episodes or major events in this relatively unknown history of the remnant Apaches. The escape of the Apache Kid and several Apaches in 1889 and the Thompson murders in Mexico during the early 1890s inflamed the frontier and enraged citizens throughout the region. They were blunt in their criticism of failed military protection of civilians. Other events included the capture of a little Apache girl later named Carmina (Carmela) by Rancho 31 owner Jack Rowe's vaqueros in 1932, the capture of a girl known as Julie in 1934, and various sightings of Apaches in Mexico and the U.S. borderlands from 1886 to the present. One of the most dramatic was the 1915 capture and subsequent acculturation of Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz. Everyone called her Lupe.

Brief references in a variety of books claimed Lupe was the granddaughter of Geronimo, and that Apache Juan was her father. Still others noted that she knew the location of treasure, including the famed lost Tayopa mine.

Historian Grenville Goodwin referred to her as "the girl in the Mexican Village." He also indicated to his mentor and friend, Morris Opler, that he wished to contact her, possibly by mail, as he hoped she could be the link to them. He wrote:

> Will say here that it would be utterly impossible to get any white man or Mexican who could get in touch with these people. They are too wild, and it would be like trying to get into touch with a pack of wolves. They have absolutely no contact with any people outside themselves that I know of. My own

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friends, the Western Apache, are scared to death of them and have no contact. It may be possible to act through the girl in the Mexican village, though I don't know. She has been so long away that it may be impossible to get her to help. These people are only rarely seen by Mexicans and whites and then only by accident. They live back in the Sierra Madre, and if you have been down there, you would understand how inaccessible they are. I have thought about it a lot, and what you say about taking an old timer down there seems to me the only way of getting any results....

It may be possible to get in touch with the Apache girl by mail, and I will try it sometime. But I just wanted you to know to let you know it will all take a long time, so don't get your friends steamed up for immediate action will you?

Dr. Helge Ingstad undertook exactly what Opler and Goodwin were discussing: an expedition in 1937-38 to find them. He took along Yanosha, an old timer who had also been with Geronimo, as one of his three guides. Originally, he had wanted Ace (Asa) Daklugie, nephew of Geronimo and son of Juh, but this was not in the cards. He also took Andrew Little because he spoke Spanish as well as Apache and English.

As late as the 1950s, Dr. Thomas Hinton, of the University of Arizona, during his search for material on the Apache remnants, sought to meet with Lupe. He, as others before him, believed she was the key to their history.

Lupe fascinated just about everyone, and I, too, fell under her spell hoping to learn exactly what happened to her from the time of her capture to her final days in 1969. How and why did she survive when so many her age died, or starved themselves rather than submit to an alien culture? What details, if any were there about her life as a Sierra Madre Apache?

To obtain her story I have had to piece together fragments of information from newspaper clippings and magazine articles about the Fimbres kidnapping as well as brief references to her in Dr. Hinton's notes. I also conducted personal interviews with her family or individuals who knew her, or about her, a long but fascinating process.

New and personalized information was forthcoming from Jack Rowe and my two research trips into the Sierra Madre. Others who also assisted were Mr. Val Green, Nelda Whetten Villa, Don Pedro Fimbres and several members of that family, the Muñozes, and Alvino Fenn. While en route to the famed Rancho Gavilan, I also had the pleasure of interviewing Lupe's adopted family, the Muñozes of Colonia Hernandez and the Fimbreses of Colonia Juarez.

Particularly helpful were the translations of books by Jesus Fuentes Yanez and Dr. Helge Ingstad. The material verified much of what I had been told, filling in several of the gaps in the Lupe puzzle. Even more exciting was a statement made in Dr. Ingstad's book, *Apache indianare*. It was the stunning and exciting possibility that Lupe could have been the daughter of one of the West's most hunted and vilified outlaws: the Apache Kid!

It is doubtful if Lupe ever realized how much the outside world was intrigued by her, or that she was to be mentioned in articles, books, and letters. Her link with the remnant Apache bands and contrasting years with her adopted people provide for us now, as we enter the next millennium, new insight into many phases of life in the rugged Sierra prior to 1970.

Her life had been one of drama, and tragedy, tempered with warmth and a family who cared for her. It reenforces one's knowledge about man and his ability to reshape his life despite upheaval and dramatic change.

Author's Collection, Courtesy of Alvino Fenn

The Fenn brothers (left-right), Joe, Moroni, Alvah, and Pete, often encountered small groups of Apaches along the border. They also joined the hunt for Gerardo Fimbres. Photo circa 1920s.

PART I: CAPTURED

It was 1915 and the European war had no real affect upon the hardy mountain residents of the Sierra Madre. Few knew or cared about the ravages of war in far off Europe. However, these people had been having their own war for many years with the Apaches.

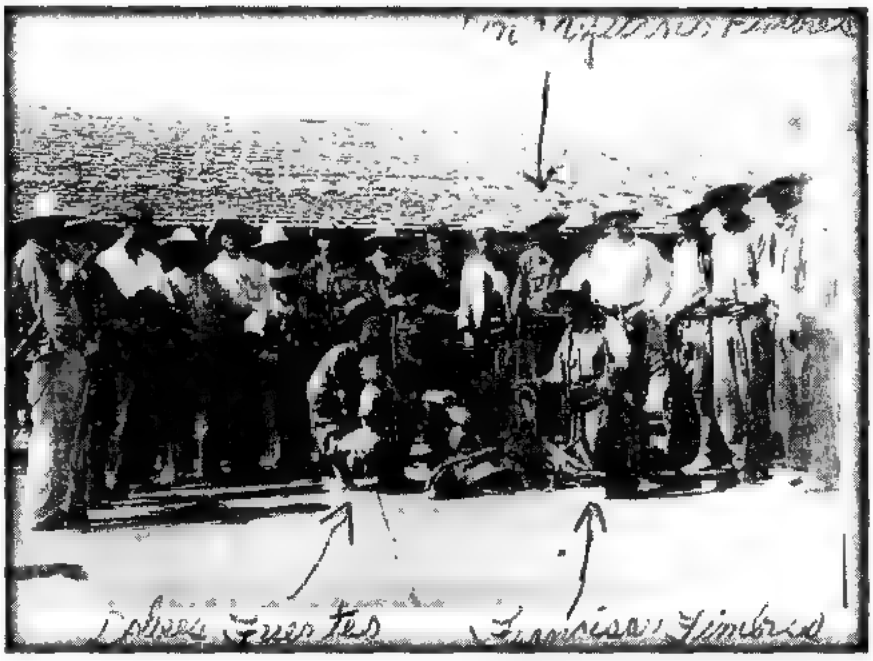
The band, led by Apache Juan, had been very active during the past few months. One evening, after thirty or more head of horses and cattle and a large supply of corn had been stolen, several angry Mexican ranchers formed a posse and went after the thieves.

Near the top of what is now known as *Pico la India*, they found

one abandoned encampment and from there, with field glasses, located another containing the missing livestock. As the Apaches were breaking camp, the Mexicans intercepted them by splitting into three groups.

Abraham Valencio was the first to come close enough to their stock to observe a young Indian on mule-back guarding the herd. The youth, upon seeing Valencio, sounded an alarm, sending his people into the underbrush. He stayed with the herd, trying to push them off a nearby bluff to their death.

Lunging up the rugged canyon trail, straining under the whip of its desperate rider, the young Apache's frightened mule snorted, fell back, then lunged again. The canyon was too steep and the rider could no longer control the terrified animal as it bucked and balked with each lash of the whip.



Author's Collection Courtesy of Nelda Whetten Villa

The posse who sought out and killed Apache Juan and two Apache women in revenge for the kidnapping and murder of Gerardo Fimbres and his mother. They are displaying scalps and other items taken during the raid.

Yells from below told the boy he was trapped. Mexicans closed in and by the time the two other parties heard the shots and joined Valencio, the Apache was trying, in vain, to escape on foot.

His enemies were closing in on him. The terror of this youth must have been great as he continued to run, descending down a cliff, jumping a precipice, and finally taking refuge in a cave. Surely the Apache knew death would come soon and in his anxiety, the boy moved. One of the approaching Mexicans saw the slight movement and signaled to the vaqueros the Apache's location. All of them rushed the boy. He "hissed" and "growled" and fought, but eventually was overwhelmed.

Needless to say, these men were shocked when they found that the boy was really a young girl about fourteen or fifteen and that she was cut and bleeding heavily. As her life was about to end, one man stopped them, indicating that this Apache was still a child. Had there not been enough violence?

Thus, Lupe's life was spared. They treated her wounds and tied her on a burro. In this manner she arrived at the Fimbres home.

The other Apaches, upon hearing the commotion and noise, fled. The incident occurred near *Pico la India* (Indian Woman Peak) at a place called "Las Lechuguillas." According to Nelda Villa in a letter to Val Green on October 1, 1981, "there were quite a few Apaches that day but they all escaped except for Lupe."

The *sistema de alarma* of the Apaches, or Apache warning system, though ingenious in its development, did not save Lupe, but allowed for most of her band to escape.

One explanation of the alarm system is probably a combination of several versions. A long rope, of rawhide or horse hair, had a bell attached to it. The long rope was ingeniously rigged so that a pull by the lone sentry would warn the inhabitants within the *ranchería*, allowing all to escape. Lupe accomplished her task, but the movement betrayed her location and changed her life forever.

The men who captured Lupe that cold, autumn day were Pablo Aguayo; Pedro Fimbres Fuentes, Don Pedro's grandfather; Severiano Fuentes and his son, Julian, or Chico; the two Grajeda brothers, Disiderio and Felipe; Reyes Ruiz, Juan Garrobo; Jose Navarro; and Abraham Valencio.

Lupe, according to some, "was dressed in expertly tanned buckskin and calf hide. Her moccasins reached to her knees, were stitched and artistically trimmed with beads. Short, calfskin pants, tanned with the hair left on, were covered by a short buckskin skirt. A soft, smoked buckskin jacket, fringed at the bottom and latched at the throat completed her attire."

Her captors took her to Rancho Mesa Tres Rios, belonging to Pedro Fimbres and Fernando Fuentes Sierras. The ranch had been established by Don Pedro's grandparents, his father, Cayetano Fimbres, and several of his uncles. They had bravely joined forces and set up a relatively successful ranching operation. Fernando Fuentes and Mariana Fimbres de Fuentes eventually adopted Lupe. They were a hardworking, close-knit family, and it was into this new life that the frightened Apache girl was thrust.

Don Cayetano said many times, and reiterated it again on a tape recording made in 1980, just prior to his death, that the Apaches never did their family any harm until 1927. Only bears and Apaches had

inhabited the valley before they settled there. Occasionally the Apaches managed to sneak into his cornfields, gorging themselves on the young, sweet corn. Sometimes they would turn the Fimbreses' cattle and horses into the fields to destroy the remainder of the corn. Of course, these incidents upset Don Cayetano, but he finally had to take it in stride because it wasn't bad at all compared to what they did to others. In fact, the Apaches never hurt any of the Fimbres family until years later, in 1927, when they killed the wife of Francisco Fimbres and kidnapped his young son, Gerardo.

Up to that time, it had been a good life for the Fimbreses as there had always been a muted harmony between man and nature. Towering silver oaks, among the ponderosa and elegant sycamores, sheltered deer, bear, turkey, lion, quail, and many other forms of wildlife. The family never went hungry. And what could be salvaged of the corn and bean crops was usually enough to tide them over the mild winter months, and well worth the truce that seemingly existed, although, at times, the stealing and "tricks" played on the family were irritating, to say the least.

A favorite Apache trick when stealing horses or mules, was the slitting of noses and cutting of support tendons in mule and donkey ears, and sometimes even their tails were cut off. At first glance this appears to be cruel and unusual punishment for the poor animal; however, it also had a practical side. Slitting the noses prevented them from braying or whinnying; cutting the ears caused them to flop, thus being less visible. No explanation for cutting the tail exists.

Finally, however, the ranchers' patience was tested too often. They banded together to prevent any more large raids against their herds. One of these trips was when they captured Lupe.

The Apache girl's name became Guadalupe (Lupe) Fuentes Fimbres, and she was hereafter called by all who knew her, Lupe (Lupa). She was baptized by Padre Valencia about three years after her capture. Her padrinos were Indalecio Hurtado and Serapia Fimbres.

At first she wailed continuously in her native tongue, and for days she refused to eat. The family said she was very, very sad. "She would not eat and just cried tied to that oak tree," noted Reynaldo Fimbres.

Nothing anyone did seemed to change her behavior. The Fimbres family began to fear she would succeed in starving herself to death. One morning, in desperation, they motioned for her to go. She was supplied with food and a mount.

Author's Collection. Courtesy of Nelda Whetten Villa

Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz and an unidentified friend, circa 1940

They hoped she would locate her people.

According to several witnesses, she returned twice, and twice they urged her to find her Apache family. Some indicated she searched for about eight days, others stated for two weeks. No matter the time, she returned and eventually Lupe decided she no longer wanted to locate her people.

Perhaps Lupe had been touched by these generous gestures of freedom from the people who had captured her. They did her no harm and gradually she adjusted to her new life. What thoughts went through her mind as she changed lifestyles no one will ever know for certain. Fear and misunderstandings about a new culture and language must have made it incredibly difficult for the young Apache.

"In the beginning," according to Reynaldo Fimbres, "Uncle Carmen Fimbres did not want her around. At first Lupe wanted to kill him, and he, her, with a rifle, but later, even he began to help the girl as she struggled to learn Spanish and their ways."

At night Lupe would cry out loud and seem to have terrible nightmares. She had difficulties adapting to their spicy food. She ate meat more than anything. At first she ate it almost raw and with little or no salt, but later, she acquired a liking for salt and sweets.

The Fimbres had several children. One of their girls, Carlota, was about the same age as Lupe. She had been well known to Lupe during her wild days. When Lupe began to converse better in Spanish, a language she never quite mastered, she told Carlota, "Yes, I remember you very well. You were like a sister to me then for I used to watch you as you work in Don Fernando's corn fields. I squat very quiet so you don't see me. I hide under the boughs of pine trees that I held over me I never wanted to hurt your family."

She also revealed that her people often watched lone ranches, and even towns, so that they knew almost every movement of the mountain residents. It must have been quite a shock for her new family and friends to realize how near they had been to danger. If any one of them had ventured too close to one of the watching Apaches, or if any wrong move or turn had been made, it could have resulted in death.

Throughout her life, Lupe was always closer to Carlota, because as she watched her and other members of the peaceful Fimbres family, she also longed for a respite from the running, hiding, and continual fear of being discovered by Mexican ranchers or *rurales*. They hated her people with a vengeance.

An encounter between Señor Reyes Ruiz Fimbres and a "white" captive may explain the relative

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safety experienced by members of the Fimbres family prior to 1927, as well as who the white man was with Apache Juan's band.

This version comes from Señor Jesus Fuentes Yañez' account of Apache raids in Nácori Chico, and occurred on a ranch known as *La Carbonera*, the property of Reyes Ruiz Fimbres, near Pinos Altos. Don Reyes was out riding a very young and spirited horse. Suddenly the animal spooked, reared up, and tried to rid itself of its rider as they approached a building where tools and supplies were kept. Don Reyes, suspecting danger, calmed the animal and entered the building with rifle in hand.

Suddenly he was confronted by an armed man. After a brief struggle, Don Reyes was about to shoot, but the man said, "Don't shoot me. We come in peace. Juan is outside. He is the one you have heard Lupe speak of. We know all of your family!"

Upon hearing these shocking words, Don Reyes though still frightened, calmed himself, though he later stated that it was a while before "fear left his body and his soul returned!"

The general discussion that followed cleared up several questions regarding Lupe, the safety of her adopted family, who this gringo was, and especially how he came to be part of the Apache band led by Juan.

There was no doubt that the gringo was a renegade. He was originally from Texas but had been kidnapped many years before. He accompanied them on their raids, and because he spoke both English and Spanish he was able to help them obtain guns and ammunition.

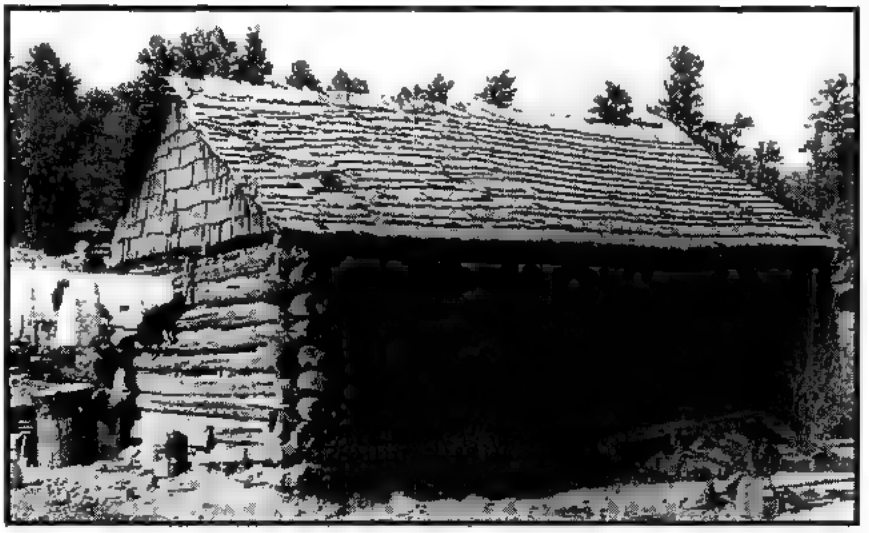
"If you think I am bad, Apache Juan is worse; he is wild, suspicious and trusts not one of you."

They knew personal things about the Fimbres family from the time that Lupe stayed with them. It was because the Fimbreses had taken Lupe in, as if she were really a part of the family, that the Apaches had left them alone and in relative peace for all these years.

"If nothing has happened to you and your relatives," the *tejano* claimed, "it is because the Apache family of Lupe has asked not to do any harm to your family. It is a sign of their gratitude for taking care of her."

"Nevertheless," he continued, "as a form of warning take care of her and also your family. Guard them well. There are some bad *indios* that do not know them. Don't ever leave them alone, especially the sick child that you have." He was referring to the young boy who could not walk, Nicolas Fimbres.

Thus, it was in this dramatic manner that Don Reyes learned of how carefully his family was being watched—in their fields, in the hills, in their casa, and along lonely mountain trails. The Apaches knew each member by trait and many by name. In reality, it had been Lupe who contained the Apaches; it was Lupe who provided the safety net for the Fimbres family and surely, she knew when her kin were nearby. She never told them, of course, but that was Lupe...she never liked to speak about her past.



Author's Collection, Courtesy of Nelda Whetten Villa

Cabin where Lupe lived.

If she were the shield for the Fimbres, then something very unusual must have triggered the brutal murder and kidnapping of Don Francisco Fimbres' wife, Maria, and their son, Gerardo. Could it have been the *indios malos* of whom the gringo spoke? Could they have been Apache, yet not of the band led by Apache Juan? Could the Fimbres family have actually blamed the wrong Apaches, retaliating by killing Juan, Lupe's mother, and her sister? Though all would agree that Apache Juan was a terror, and needed to be brought down, possibly, in this major instance, he was innocent.

Lupe was one of the fortunate ones for others of her band had either died violently or had starved themselves after capture. Some had been very young and wounded, while others died from digestive troubles. Those very few that did survive adapted, and their descendants live today as Mexican citizens.

It seemed that none adapted as well or as happily as Lupe. Though she undoubtedly missed her blood kin, she had found a family that cared for her, and she for them. Lupe lived for many years with the Fimbres in Nácori Chico, Sonora, before moving to Colonia Hernandez.

In late December 1981, as we drove into Hop Valley to the *ejido* of Colonia Hernandez, Nelda Villa pointed out the Muñoz home to us. That was where Roberto and his wife, Mercedez Mendoza de Muñoz, resided. At last, I was to meet Lupe's adopted family.

"The Search for the Apache Kid's Daughter" will conclude in the February 1999 *True West*.

BLACK BART

Dapper Dan and Roadside Robber

Author's Collection

A portrait of Charles Boles, the notorious "Black Bart."

By John Erfurth

Six years had passed since the last railroad spike was driven at Promontory Point by the Great Salt Lake. In these six years the completion of the Pacific railroad had worked a change in the life and habits of the people of the Far West. The old, carefree days were passing. The Gold Rush was history; most of the mining camps of California were abandoned or were changing to little villages and towns that began to bear something of the stamp of the East. Gone, too, were the long caravans of covered wagons from the East; the surprise attacks by angry Indians. People traveled across the continent now in the gaudy cars of the Silver Palace Car Company or the sleeping cars of Mr. George Pullman. Refinement was spreading its silky gloves over the West, even if you still could take an occasional potshot at a prairie dog or a buffalo from the lavish trains.

Soon San Francisco would be as civilized as Boston, but much more entertaining—or at least, San Franciscans thought so.

"Farewell to romance," the Forty-niners were chanting over their drinks. "The old days are gone, we shall not see their like again." But they were wrong.

One fine day there appeared in Calaveras County—the same Calaveras of the Jumping Frog—a man as daring and picturesque and, if you like, as romantic as the West had ever seen. Once again the harassed Wells, Fargo was in for a time of it. He was a thin, wiry, stern-featured man who looked a little

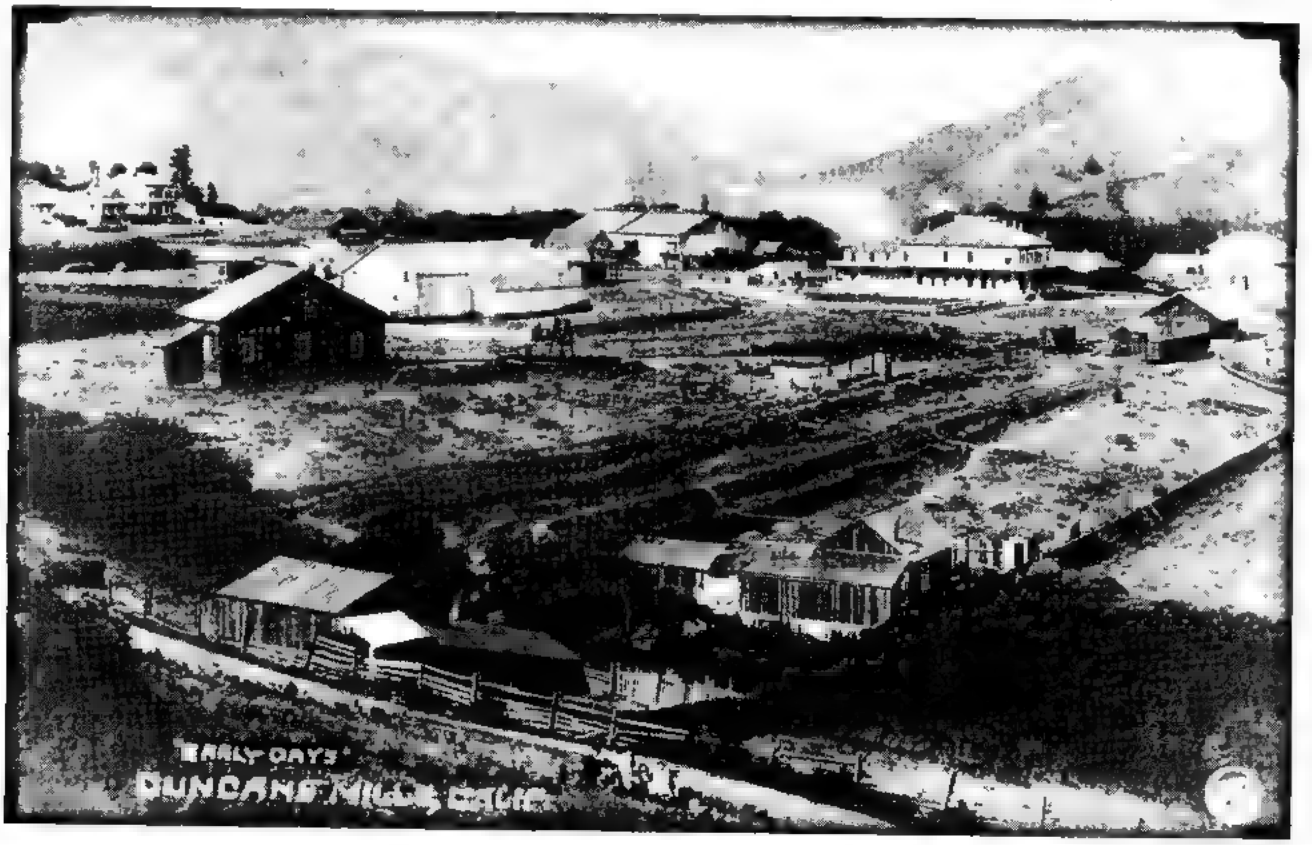
like a country parson or a schoolteacher; "the Sleepy Schoolmaster" was a name not infrequently given him in later days.

When he first entered the life of Wells, Fargo in 1875, rather violently, he was past middle age, and his dark hair, which was beginning to recede from a high forehead, was sprinkled with gray. Tipped back on his head, for he was usually hot and covered with dust, was an ancient black derby hat. The rest of his attire, with the exception of heavy well-worn boots, generally was covered by a long linen duster.

deep-sunken bright, blue eyes, high cheek bones, and a large handsome gray moustache [sic] and imperial: the rest shaven clean...." This was how Morse described Charles E. Bolton (or Boles) when he finally met him on Bush Street in San Francisco. Obviously this was not his garb when professionally engaged

In the mountains, however, his head was usually covered with a flour sack with roughly cut eye holes—and wearing the linen duster. It was in this dress and firmly entrenched behind a double-barreled shotgun, which he was never

He stopped at a ranch house and, following the hospitable custom of the country, broke bread with the family. The ranchman and his family found him a genial, waggish soul, fond of cracking jokes. They enjoyed having him at the table. But later they recalled that he had been most reticent about himself. Indeed, that was the way everyone found him, and if there had been anything of particular interest in his past career he never divulged it. Yet, from the fact that there was an old bullethole just below his ribs—something that nobody in Calaveras knew



Author's Collection

Duncan Mills, California, was the site of an 1877 robbery by Black Bart.

Though he operated many a tedious mountain mile from any railroad, he carried a large valise.

Harry Morse, a detective whom James B. Hume called in to help the company make this gentleman's acquaintance, described him as "elegantly dressed, carrying a little cane. He wore a natty little derby hat, a diamond pin, a large diamond ring on his little finger, and a heavy gold watch and chain. He was about five feet eight inches in height, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered with

known to use, that Black introduced himself to many an unfortunate stagecoach driver and Wells, Fargo messenger.

This was the Black Bart who, in Wells, Fargo annals, was to become for a long time more prominent than company president Lloyd Tevis himself. At least there was vastly greater newspaper comment on his comings and goings.

On a bright July day in 1875, he was striding along one of the well-traveled roads of Calaveras County.

in those days—he must have had something in his past well worth talking about.

To anyone who might have chanced to meet him in the wilds of Calaveras County, he would not have seemed to be a country parson or schoolmaster upon closer inspection. Although he was a quiet, unpretentious fellow, extremely polite with almost everyone he met, especially when ladies were present, there was something about the look of the grim mouth under the heavy,

drooping mustache, and of the very sharp, cold, steady blue eyes that would suggest an early Californian or a professional gambler. There was nothing sleepy about those eyes.

Later that July day, the stage from Sonora to Milton, bearing the express and the treasure boxes of Wells, Fargo and Company came rumbling down the dusty road through the soft, green forest. Holding the reins over the six horses was Billy Hodges, an outstanding overland stage driver with a record nearly as colorful as that of any man in the service. Behind him on the top of the smart Concord coach, as well as inside, was a handful of passengers.

Then, suddenly, Billy Hodges pulled up his horses sharply, put on the long brake rod with all the strength of his seasoned hands and the creaking wheels locked. The stage squealed to a stop. In the middle of the road, directly in front of the lead horses, stood a tall man in a linen duster. From inside the flour sack mask, his cold, blue eyes looked over the top of a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun, straight at Billy Hodges.

"If they dare to shoot, give them a solid volley, boys," spoke the man in the linen duster. Billy Hodges glanced at the rocks alongside the highroad and thought he saw at least half a dozen gun barrels pointing at him. That was enough for him.

"No use trying to do anything," he said. "He's got a gang with him. Look at those guns. If you want to live, don't monkey with your guns."

The man in the linen duster ordered Hodges to throw the green, wooden treasure-box of Wells, Fargo onto the ground. Hodges lost no time in complying. The highwayman produced a hatchet from under his duster and in a moment he had chopped the box open and was stuffing money and valuables into his pockets.

"That will be about all, boys," he called out. Then jovially he added: "Hurry along now and good luck to you."

That evening the stage rolled into Milton bringing the first tale of the man in the linen duster, who, for the next eight years, was to be the scourge and terror of the California roads.

The men who sat around the taverns of Milton that night got the story dramatically, but entirely wrong. Everybody in town was talking of how a whole band of robbers had held up Billy Hodges' overland stage and the Wells, Fargo express. But the next day came the sequel. It seemed, upon investigation, that the man in the linen duster had worked alone. The "guns" pointing over the rocks were only sticks.

Five months went by before the lone robber of Calaveras appeared again. Perhaps he had found the holiday expensive, for it was just three days after Christmas when he jumped in front of the San Juan to Marysville Wells, Fargo stage. He still wore his linen duster and still carried his sawed-off shotgun and his hatchet. Stooping low as he got the drop on the driver and messenger, he tried to shield himself in front of the lead horses, a trick that he occasionally practiced later. This time, as before, there was no hesitation in obeying his command to throw out the express box. Again, he ripped it open and disappeared in the woods with its valuable contents stuffed in his clothes.

Five months more and another holdup was added to his record. This time it was the stage from Yreka to Roseburg, near the Oregon state line. Again it was a successful job. The reputation of the highwayman was spreading. Weird tales, some fanciful and some true, ran through the countryside. Women kept their children locked in their homes for fear of a visitation. But they had nothing to fear, for the brigand was a gentle soul who was not interested in robbing women and children. On one of his holdups, a female passenger became hysterical and tossed her purse at Black Bart's feet. He returned it to her and said courteously, "Madam, I do not wish your money. In that respect I honor only the good offices of Wells, Fargo." A gentleman, he was devoted only to the small, green boxes from Montgomery Street.

Wells, Fargo was outraged. President Lloyd Tevis and General Superintendent John J. Valentine called in James B. Hume, chief of the Wells, Fargo police, and the latter went to work on the case. Hume did more. He engaged a helper, one Harry Morse, a private detective in San Francisco, and put Johnny Thacker, a veteran member of the Wells, Fargo police, to work on the investigation.

But the mysterious man in the linen duster was to prove the toughest problem that they ever tackled in all their long experience. No one knew his name or where he came from. Stage drivers and express messengers could seldom give much of a description of him because of the usual floursack mask. Some of the mountain people, however, had met him face to face and had talked with him. They reported that he was a polite and agreeable man, who came from the East and who said that he had been a miner and that he suffered from a disease of the throat; he had to rest a good deal.

But for a man who was not in the best of health and who was fond of sleep, he was astonishingly active. Once, over a three-day period, he lugged that old valise of his for all of eighty miles over the mountains. As the valise held his unbreeched gun and his blankets, under which he spent many a night in the open, it must have been a fairly heavy affair. And it takes a pretty good walker to cover twenty-six mountain miles between sunup and sundown, even without heavy luggage. The Wells, Fargo detectives on his trail found that following a robbery he never stopped to make camp and cook a meal until he was twelve or fifteen miles away from the scene of the holdup. The man in the linen duster was quite a wonderful walker.

Eventually, Black Bart found his valise, stuffed with gun and blankets, too heavy. He discarded it and carried his gun in his bedroll. The abandoned valise was found beside a mountain creek. Hume and his

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fellows searched it carefully for some clue of its owner. No luck.

Black Bart rid himself finally of his reticence and took to leaving facetious notes at the scene of his holdups, tormenting his pursuers.

On a day in August 1877, he held-up the stage from Fort Ross to Russian River. From the express box he took $300 in coin and a negotiable deposit check for another $300. Then he cut open the mail sacks and helped himself. He left behind in the rifled express box this exquisite bit of verse:

> I've labored long and hard for bread
> For honor and for riches,
> But on my corns too long you've tred,
> You fine-haired sons of bitches.
> *Black Bart, the Po 8*

At last the man in the linen duster was named; and it was a good one. How pious John Valentine must have groaned when Jim Hume handed him that bit of poetry!

Black Bart it was, and Black Bart it was to remain throughout the years to come. For a full year thereafter the people of Northern California seemingly spoke of no one else. In the entire history of the western frontier there never had been so mysterious and so elusive a highwayman as he, nor one so original in his methods. Superstitious folk began to think that there must be something uncanny about him, something unearthly. Consider a bandit who was never once known to ride a horse, but who, within a single twenty-four-hour period, had robbed two stagecoaches, thirty miles apart, holdups separated by the roughest of mountain country. It was all but inconceivable.

The indefatigable "Po 8" must have covered thousands of miles of rough, mountain country afoot, for eight years. During that time, his name carried more dread to the drivers of the stages than to the people of the countryside. The country folk were safe; Wells, Fargo was his quarry. Against Wells, Fargo he continued his course, relentlessly: from Calaveras County to Sonora and Yuba, to Sierra and Butte and Plumas and Shasta and Trinity. And all the while he wrote his little verses, eventually to find their way to Montgomery Street, San Francisco. But James B. Hume waited his turn. Wells, Fargo never forgot.

On a summer day in 1878, Black Bart held up the Wells, Fargo stage bound from Quincy to Oroville. After he had helped himself to the contents of the express box and mail pouches, he left behind these verses, written in a meticulously even handwriting:

> Here I lay me down to sleep, To wait the coming morrow;
> Perhaps success, perhaps defeat, And everlasting sorrow.
> I've labored long and hard for bread, For honor and for riches, But on my corns too long you've tred, You fine-haired sons of bitches.
> Let come what will, I'll try it on, My condition can't be worse, And if there's money in that box, 'Tis money in my purse.
> *Black Bart, the Po 8*

Verses like these were the only clues he ever left for the perplexed police service of Wells, Fargo. Year after year, robbery followed robbery. Black Bart was here; Black Bart was there; seemingly Black Bart was everywhere. Still there was no clue to his identity. And the cost to Wells, Fargo was mounting. The company, however, was used to that sort of thing. Its ledgers contained one item after another of expenses paid in the pursuit of thieves, as well as in the repayment of sums lost or stolen in transit.

But there came one occasion when the man in the linen duster escaped only by the barest chance.

It was in 1882, when he held up the stage from LaPorte to Oroville. Black Bart, stooping low as was his custom, was screening himself in front of the lead horses and at the same time trying to keep his shotgun pointed at his victim, when Wells, Fargo man George Hackett took a desperate chance, brought his gun to his shoulder, and fired. The horses reared and plunged and the highwayman was thrown aside, unhurt. Then the whip of the driver cracked over the backs of his six-horse team and the stage jerked forward, while Hackett fired again at the man lying helplessly in the road. The shot went wild and, as the stage rolled on, Bart got up and darted into the deep woods close to the roadside.

Then came the fateful day. It was November 3, 1883, and Black Bart had returned to the scene of his debut, the rough and winding old road from Milton to Sonora in Calaveras County. The stage was coming from Sonora and its treasure box was well filled. It contained $4,100 in amalgam and $500 in cash.

Suddenly, from behind a rock stepped Black Bart, just as he had done that July day in 1875. His technique was unchanged.

The driver, Reason McConnell, was alone on the stage. His only passenger, young Jimmy Rolleri, had got off a short way back to see if he could scare up some game. This bothered Black Bart. He didn't know where the passenger might be, but he proceeded as usual. "Throw down the express box," he ordered McConnell. But the box was fastened to the floor of the stage. Bart forced McConnell to unhitch his team and walk the horses over the crest of the hill, while he went to work on the treasure box with his hatchet.

This was getting to be the most complicated holdup Bart had ever rigged. By the time Bart had got the loot and was backing out of the coach, McConnell and Jimmy had joined forces. Jimmy's rifle blazed away at the retreating Bart, but he managed to slip into the brush. Either Jimmy or McConnell had scored a hit, for Bart was seen to falter as he faded out of sight.

Black Bart had been more than a little shaken by the unexpected angles of this holdup. He left behind, not his latest verses, but a handkerchief, his hat, a magnifying glass, and a case for field glasses. On

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Author's Collection

A circular created by Wells, Fargo advertising an $800 reward for the capture of the person responsibile for the August 3, 1877, and July 26, 1878, stage robberies, both of which were executed by Black Bart, identifying himself as the "Po 8."

☞Agents of W., F. & Co will not post this circular, but place them in the hands of your local and county officers and reliable citizens in your region. Officers and citizens receiving them are respectfully requested to preserve them for future reference.

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$800.00 Reward!

ARREST STAGE ROBBER!

On the 3d of August, 1877, the stage from Fort Ross to Russian River was stopped by one man, who took from the Express box about $300, coin, and a check for $305.52, on Granger's Bank of San Francisco, in favor of Fisk Bros. The Mail was also robbed. On one of the Way Bills left with the box the Robber wrote as follows:—

"I've labored long and hard for bread—
For honor and for riches—
But on my corns too long you've trod,
You fine haired sons of bitches.
BLACK BART, the P o 8.

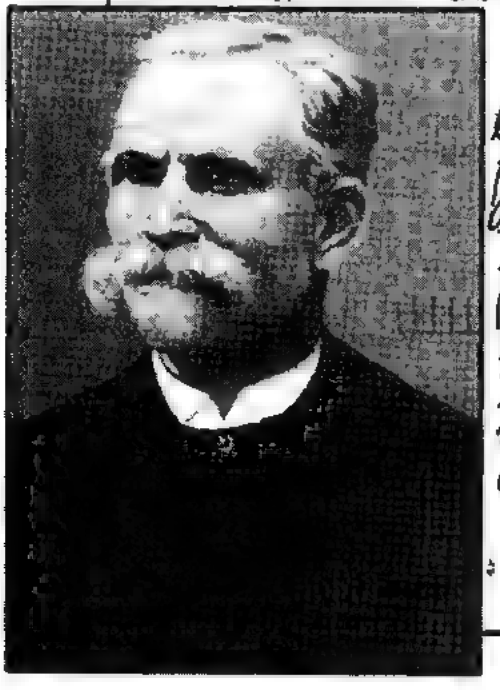
Driver, give my respects to our friend, the other driver; but I really had a notion to hang my old duguise hat on his weather eye." (*for simile.*)

Respectfully B. B

It is believed that he went to the Town of Guerneville about daylight next morning.

2.

About one year after above robbery, July 26th, 1878, the Stage from Quincy to Oroville was stopped by one man, and W., F. & Co's box robbed of $379, coin, one Diamond Ring, (said to be worth $200) one Silver Watch, valued at $25. The Mail was also robbed. In the box, when found next day, was the following, (*fac simile*):—



here I lay me down to sleep
to wait the coming morrow
perhaps success perhaps defeat
and poverty and sorrow
I've labored long and hard for bread
for honor and for riches
but on my corns too long you've trod
you fine haired sons of bitches
let come what will I'll try it on
my condition can't be worse
and if there's money in that box
'Tis money in my purse

Black Bart
the. P o 8

the handkerchief, to the joy of Montgomery Street and James B. Hume, was a laundry mark: F.X.0.7.

This holdup near Sonora was Black Bart's twenty-eighth, and it was his last. The Wells, Fargo detectives lost no time in tracing the laundry mark. It was a long search. The laundries of a dozen towns were visited, and a little laundry agency on Bush Street, San Francisco, the ninety-first visited in San Francisco, identified the mark. It belonged, the manager said, to a thin, sharp-eyed man with a drooping mustache, who always brought his wash and called for it himself. His name was C.E Bolton, and he lived at 37 Second Street.

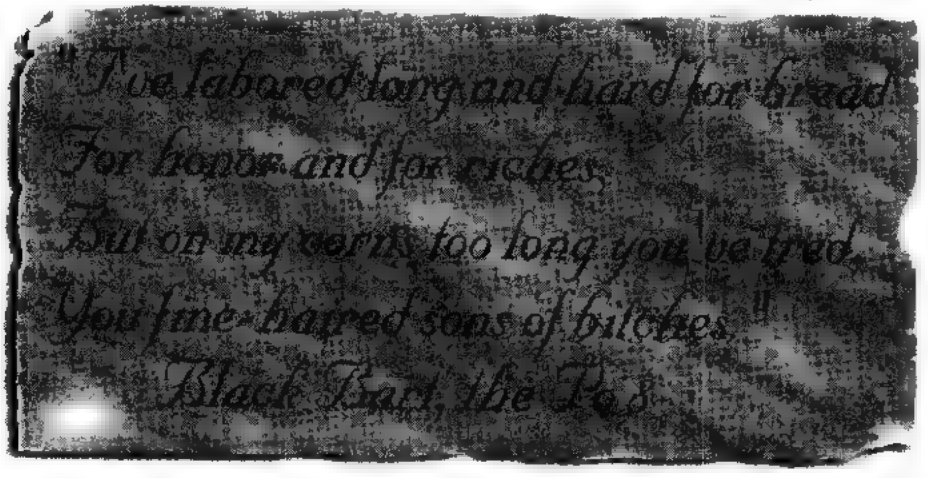
Wells, Fargo detective Johnny Thacker got a warrant, searched the man's room, and investigated Bolton's movements before the Sonora robbery. It was not long before Thacker met Bolton in the laundry agency. Without formal introductions, Wells, Fargo finally faced the man who for eight years had concerned himself so intimately with their express shipments. Black Bart made neither fight nor protest. He just smiled and said nothing.

His arrest was a painful surprise to the city detectives at San Francisco police headquarters. They recognized Bart as a man whom, for years, they had seen almost every day at a bakery on Kearney Street where they often ate No linen duster for San Francisco. At times, Bart had sat at the same table and had chatted briskly with the policemen. "You boys are good," he told them. "Those up-country sheriffs are no good. Too bad they couldn't

E E B F P I P

send a few of you up into the hills to get hold of that Black Bart." There were many red faces on the detective force the day Black Bart was arrested.

Gradually the facts about him came out. His name, he first said, was Charles E. Bolton, and he had lived for nearly ten years in the home of a widow in downtown San Francisco. Later he said that he had been born in Jefferson County, New York, as Charles E. Boles. He was a veteran of the Union Army, mustered out at Decatur, Illinois, with a good war record. He had left a wife behind who was found to be living in Hannibal, Missouri. The widow with whom he boarded in San Francisco said that he was an ideal tenant: "So quiet, so respectable and so punctual about his room rent," she added.


I've labored long and hard for bread
For honor and for riches
But on my corns too long you've tred
You fine haired sons of bitches
Black Bart, the Po 8

More and more stories developed about Black Bart, Bolton, or Boles. One of the best which has never been verified, was that Black Bart had been "Professor" Charles Boles, in charge of a little one-room schoolhouse in Sierra County. For some years, the story goes, he taught young Californians but suddenly tired of it all. The dull routine, the uninspiring work of filling young minds with book learning, got on his nerves. One day the sound of a passing Wells, Fargo coach filled him with an idea as sinister as it was simple. He knew that Wells, Fargo coaches carried treasure: gold, and plenty of it. He had talked with the drivers. They were free with gossip and with information. It all sounded rather easy. And so the teaching profession lost one of its everyday ornaments, and the highway profession gained a highly spectacular one.

This fascinating yarn about Black Bart is stoutly disputed by Joseph Henry Jackson, who has made a detailed study of the man and whose *Tintypes in Gold* tells at length of some of the outstanding highwaymen in the California of yesteryear. Jackson reported that he can find no proof that Black Bart ever taught school, and attributed the whole yarn to an imaginative reporter at the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Schoolmaster or not, California never knew another stagecoach bandit like Black Bart.

For all his twenty-seven successful holdups, and the one failure, Black Bart was sentenced to San Quentin Prison for not less than six years, a fairly long term for a man of fifty-five. He was released, however, on January 23, 1888, and disappeared entirely from public sight. It was said that he went back to his profession, that an occasional holdup here and there was the work of the renowned Black Bart. But Jimmie Hume and Johnnie Thacker never believed those rumors; there was no linen duster; there were no poems; it just could not have been Bart. Probably they were right. Yet, just as long as the wind rustled through the pines, folks would be saying that it was the restless spirit of the man in the linen duster, old Black Bart, the "Po 8," trudging his amazing way through the forest.

A great deal of acrimonious controversy arose between Hume of Wells, Fargo and some of the San Francisco newspapers, particularly the *Examiner,* which seemed to be a bit peeved because Hume had not consulted it in advance before proceeding against Black Bart. Whispers began to circulate that Hume and Morse had made a deal with Bart to leave Wells, Fargo coaches alone in the future. This repeatedly was denied. San Franciscans kept saying, "Of course, Wells, Fargo and Company had to pay him a salary for the rest of his life, or none of their stages would have been safe!"

Joseph Henry Jackson, in his *Tintypes in Gold,* ridiculed these statements explicitly, saying:

> Why, if Wells, Fargo was paying Bart a salary to be good, did Mr. Hume spend his company's money on printing an elaborate notice for his agents, complete with Bart's picture?
>
> The fact is that the whole story of a Bart subsidy, flatly denied by everyone who was in a position to know, has no solid foundation whatever. It started no one knew where. It grew as such tales do; it took root and has become firmly fixed as part of the Black Bart legend. But it dies harder than any of the false statements that have been made about Bart. There is nothing people hate so much as having their fairy tales taken away from them.

The Black Bart tradition persisted. As late as 1897 a man, who had been arrested at Olathe, Kansas, for robbing a store, was said to be the notorious Black Bart. He confessed that he actually was Bart. Johnnie Thacker went to Kansas to investigate. One look at the faker convinced the old Wells, Fargo policeman. "He is as much like Black Bart," said Thacker, "as a bird's nest is like a mile post." Afterwards, Thacker said that he knew Bart was out of the country, that he had gone to live in Japan...which may, or may not, have been so.

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Reviews

Rough Writers

Rough Writings: Perspectives on Buckey O'Neill, Pauline M. O'Neill, and Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Compiled by Janet Lovelady. (Sharlot Hall Museum Press, 415 West Gurley Street, Prescott, AZ 86302. 84 pages, map, photographs. $16.95 Paper.)

William Owen "Buckey" O'Neill's success in a number of varying career choices made him a late-nineteenth century Renaissance man. He is perhaps best known as Yavapai County, Arizona, sheriff, but he also found success in less dangerous endeavors such as a court reporter, editor of the *Prescott Journal Miner*, founder of the livestock journal *Hoof and Horn*, probate judge, school superintendent, mayor of Prescott, Arizona, and finally as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. O'Neill lost his life in that brief engagement, ending a career which otherwise might have placed him in the governor's chair of Arizona.

Janet Lovelady has brought together the writings of several contributors to give O'Neill additional recognition. Buckey O'Neill's name is most often linked with historian Dale L. Walker, whose *Death Was the Black Horse* (1975) still stands as the best biography. In this collection, Walker writes of the last three Rough Riders who lived well into the twentieth century, the last—Jesse Langdon—passed away in 1975. Norm Tessman contributes two chapters, one emphasizing Buckey as author, and including a short story written by O'Neill, the second on Lieutenant J.D. Carter, whose letters home reveal in detail an American's mood fighting in a war close to home. Anne L. Foster provides a biographical sketch of Buckey's wife, Pauline, whose tribute to her husband following his death was printed in the San Francisco *Examiner* and perhaps reflects the anguish that every wife or mother feels upon learning of the death of a husband or son in war. J.C. Stewart discusses the uniforms of the "Cowboy Cavalry," and Jack L. McSherry, Jr., provides a chapter dealing with the music of the Spanish-American War era.

Although the Spanish-American War was among the lesser struggles the United States experienced, it was the most popular war America ever fought. It provided the platform which Teddy Roosevelt needed to win the presidency. It proved that the American press could manipulate opinion as never before. It also ended the life of Buckey O'Neill, who moments before his death, claimed that no Spanish bullet could ever kill him.

Janet Lovelady, managing editor for the Sharlot Hall Museum Press, has produced a fascinating group of chapters dealing with many aspects of this era, with the focus on an American whose life ended too soon. *Rough Writings* will appeal to many audiences: the lawman buff, the cavalry buff, the American history buff, to name but three. There is much new information here, as well as material familiar to all readers. It's a shame that each chapter is so brief!—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

Early California

Contested Eden: California Before the Gold Rush. Edited by Ramón A. Gutiérrez and Richard J. Orsi. (University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720. 1998. 396 pages. $27.50 Paper.)

In celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Gold Rush, the California Historical Society, in collaboration with the University of California Press, is issuing a four-volume set on the state's past. The first book contains a dozen essay-chapters on aspects of pre-Gold Rush California. The text is illuminated by a baker's dozen photographs in color and seventy-six images in black and white. Very extensive notes make this a splendid, one-stop reference source.

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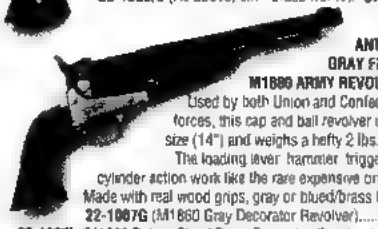

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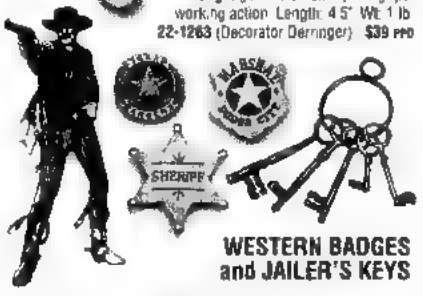

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Indians and their close relationship with the environment are as good or better than the more numerous chapters on the dominant Hispanic population of mission and ranching days. The natives, who were derided by ignorant Anglo pioneers as "Diggers", were actually first-rate hunters and gatherers, and almost agriculturalists. They transplanted and re-seeded valuable plant species and tamed a miscalled "wilderness" by the deliberate burning of dry grasslands. This was not just to flush game (and tasty grasshoppers), but to remove brush and to foster the growth of new grass during the rainy season.

After a solid chapter on exploration of the California coast and beyond, by Iris Engstrand, there are a half-dozen adequate segments on *Californio* society. The only jarring notes are in a feminist tract of a chapter equating colonization with the oppression of women. The book ends with a very good survey of the Mexican War from the rarely-told point-of-view of the losers, the Hispanic Californians, and an excellent essay, "Alta California's Trojan Horse," by the dean of California historians, Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

Ostensibly just writing a concise chronological survey of foreign immigration, Nunis skillfully offers us the bonus of new insights into the diversity of the *extranjeros*, of foreigners. He does not merely separate out the sojourners (trappers, maritime traders, and smugglers) from bona fide permanent settlers. No, he identifies a first wave of strangers, who like George Yount, were welcomed and integrated into California society once they became Catholic converts and naturalized Mexican citizens who married into rancho families. He segregates a second wave, composed of Americans who either came with families or who married fellow-Americans. They adamantly remained Protestant United States citizens. Even less integrated was a third group of young, adventurous and rootless men who denigrated their hosts as Papist idlers. They filled the ranks of the Bear Flag Republic and Captain Frémont's California Battalion in the Mexican War. Almost a separate category from the first wave was the handful of loners, like Captain John Sutter and the miserly quack, "Dr." John Marsh.

Nunis also reminds us how two widely differing legal systems served to widen the gap between Native Californians and *Yanquis*. The former had no love of lawyers and found ways to avoid formal lawsuits, while litigation was as American as apple pie.

All in all, this is an excellent introduction to the story of California, the setting of the scene for the greatest gold rush in history.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Harte's Letters

Selected Letters of Bret Harte. Edited by Gary Scharnhorst. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73070. 464 pages. $34.95 Cloth.)

Although Bret Harte spent the last twenty-four years of his life abroad, this pioneering western writer never really left the old frontier world for it was forever mirrored by such tales as "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Iliad of Sandy Bar," and "The Heathen Chinee," the poem that made him famous.

Selected Letters of Bret Harte, edited by Gary Scharnhorst, professor of English at New Mexico University, contains 259 letters, including 144 new to current scholarship, as well as every known one to Mark Twain.

Coming as a young man from New York state to San Francisco in 1854, Harte first became an express messenger on a hazardous, much looted mountain road, then sensibly giving that up, learned the printer's trade, took a fling at mining, and at last got down to work on the *Northern California* as assistant editor.

During this period of frequenting the booming mining camps of One Horse Gluch, Blazing Star, Lone Pine Flat, Nip and Tuck, Red Dog, Sandy Bar, and Rough and Ready, Harte knocked around with such gentlemen of the pick and shovel

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(and cold deck) as Euchre Bill, Right and Left Bower, and Poke Dick. From time to time he also Bucked the Tiger against prototypes of those colorful monte dealers, John Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin.

Though the California of that day was often without many women—a world of lonely men, *Pards* at the best—Bret Harte would make the literary most of the Lillies of Canada City, the Belles of Poverty Flat, as well as those impulsive maids who wound up eloping with gamblers.

The first letter in this collection dates from January 6, 1866, regarding a little volume Harte had put together containing poems by eighteen writers. As he later said, "The big dailies published criticism of that book with the grim irony of exaggerated headlines—the volume selling tremendously because of such abuse."

For years many of the letters were addressed to Anna, his loyal but lonely wife, though most of his travels away from home were undertaken to provide for a growing family. These missives graphically depict the hectic life of the American lecture circuit with its draughty halls, seedy hotels, mislayed baggage, and cinder-cursed railroad cars as he criss-crossed the continent together with Mark Twain. When Harte, no longer the best seller of the moment, due to his lack of application and plain burnout, he managed to secure a United States consul's post in Germany. He sailed in 1878, one of the first of many American literary expatriates.

His dissatisfaction with Germany was evident in many early letters, including the fact that he "attended a festival in an artificial garden and looked at artificial flowers beside an artificial Lake!"

Harte finally managed to get himself transferred to Great Britain in 1880, taking over the consulship at Glasgow. Writing to fellow author John Hay, he asked, "How can a Scotchman take a joke when Nature never smiles on him? Can you wonder at his economy when Nature is

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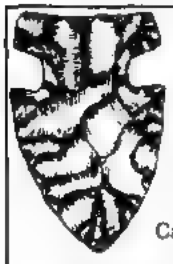

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skimped and poverty stricken: when the hills are bare legged...the kilt is a suggestion direct from Nature!"

When he was finally joined, after a long separation, by Anna, Bret settled down to work in the Surrey countryside but time caught up with him and he passed away May 5, 1902.

Bret Harte was the fountainhead of much of the stock characters that would appear in tales by later authors: the pretty New England schoolmarms, the sheriff and his posse, the bad man, the gambler, the heroic stage driver, and the harlot with the heart of gold. His holdups, lynchings, and barroom brawls were models for writers to come, but few would ever compare with him in workmanship, style, or refinement.

Bret Harte was not only an original, he was an artist, and this lavish collection of letters gives a fascinating look at the hopes, disappointments, and sometimes triumphs of the man who wrote the first westerns.—*Bill Garwood, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

Flipper Diary

Black Frontiersman: The Memoirs of Henry O. Flipper. Edited by Theodore D. Harris. (Texas Christian University Press, Box 297050, Fort Worth, TX 76129. 190 pages. $29.95 Cloth.)

Many of us have heard of Henry Flipper, the first black to graduate from West Point, and we know that his Army career was cut short by a court-marial. It is likely that he was careless with commissary funds, not guilty of theft. He kept the account, in cash, in a cigar box in his trunk, or foot locker! Flipper claimed that he was railroaded out of the service, even that fellow officers must have stolen the money from his quarters. Although he was acquitted of charges of embezzlement, he was dismissed for "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman" because he wrote a bad check in a desperate attempt to temporarily cover the shortage. Unfor-tunately, it became harder to clear his name when he went to work, as a civilian, for a mining man and senator whose own name came to be synonymous with swindling, Albert B. Fall, of the Teapot Dome oil scandal.

There is little doubt that racism was responsible for Flipper's troubles. While some officers and their wives were good friends, others ostracized him. For example, where Colonel Ben Grierson supported him, Colonel William Shafter worked against him.

Flipper was both officer and gentleman: highly moral, conservative, well-educated, and very intelligent. He wrote *The Colored Cadet at West Point* while still a cadet. It was reprinted in 1969. The heart of this new book is a revised and expanded version of his memoir of Army service, plus an essay that he wrote on Estevanico, the black explorer with the Conquistadores, and never-published letters about his post-Army career, mostly in Southwest mining.

Though he was in combat only once, agamst Victorio, Flipper's Army story is interesting. He was as excellent a civil engineer as he was a bad Army bookkeeper/accountant. He laid out the road from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to Gainesville, Texas, and strung the telegraph line between Fort Elliott, in the Texas Panhandle, and Okla-homa's Fort Supply. Most important, for he was, himself, a victim of "intermittent fever," he constructed Flipper's Ditch, the drainage system at Fort Sill that emptied the post's malarial ponds and is now a National Historic landmark.

Flipper's natural gift for writing is a nice surprise, especially in his Southwest frontier reminiscence. This, and Harris's unobtrusive editing, make this a fascinating, and even important, book. Any memoir by a black soldier on the old frontier is a rarity, and this one is of high quality. Surprisingly, there is almost no bitterness in the lieutenant's writing, wronged as he was and more comfortable, socially, in Mexico than in his own country, so much so that the press—wrongly—accused him of being the "brains" behind Pancho Villa. He actually disliked Villa.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Not Just A Friend of Wyatt Earp

Wyatt Earp has gotten the lion's share of the attention in recent decades. Thanks to Randy Reeves, a reader from Burleson, Texas, one of his pals is finally receiving some print. Randy requests information on George "Shotgun" Collins and writes: "All I've gleaned from various sources are a few very brief but tantalizing tidbits to the effect that Collins was a Wells, Fargo operative, that his favorite weapon was a sawed-off shotgun and that he was a sometimes associate of the Earps. He sounds like a very interesting character."

Interesting, indeed. Andy Adams, in his *Log of a Cowboy,* listed Shotgun Collins as one of the many officers of the law in the West. Early movie star William S. Hart, in 1921, stated that Collins was one of several great gunfighters—ranked in company with James Hickok and Ben Thompson. Hart no doubt had been influenced by his friendship with Wyatt Earp.

George C. Collins is believed to have been the son of Frank Collins of Virginia, born about 1850. However, it is possible his parents were actually John R. and Elizabeth Collins, who resided in Chesterfield County, Virginia, in 1860. Although some authorities list Frank as his father, I have yet to find a Frank Collins with a son named George on the census. If indeed John R. Collins was the father, then George was the son of a shoemaker. Mother Elizabeth was listed as a domestic. Two of the children were listed as weavers, while no occupation was given for twelve-year-old George C. or two younger sisters. All the children were born in Virginia.

If indeed this is Shotgun Collins, he left a dim paper trail. After the Civil War he probably left home to seek his fortune, and likely ended up in Kansas. Here he may have hunted buffalo, much like Wyatt Earp and the Masterson brothers, became efficient with the cards, and may have worked as a lawman in some capacity.

By 1880 he was in Arizona Territory and apparently devoted to the Earp brothers. Since we know Wells, Fargo played a role in the Tombstone story it is very possible Collins also worked for them, although whether he carried a sawed-off shotgun is speculative. We know Fred Dodge was working for

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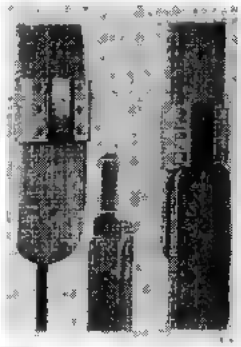

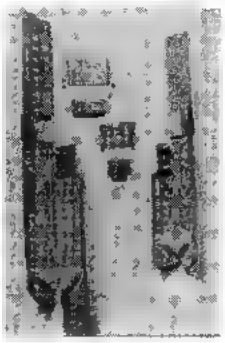

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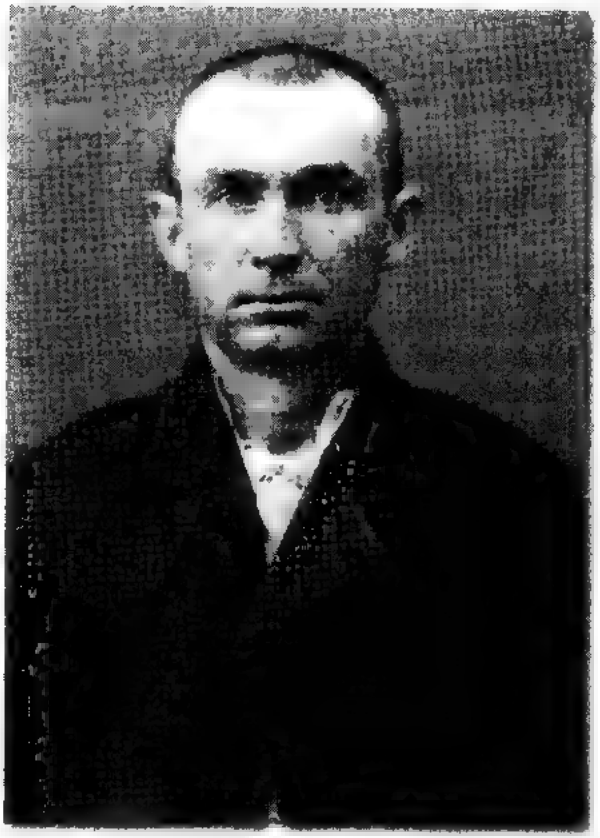
Wells, Fargo as well, and he and Collins gwere close associates.

According to the Tombstone *Epitaph* of October 29, 1880, Curly Bill Brocius shot and killed City Marshal Fred White on the night of October 27-28. Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp and Collins, as well as several others, formed a posse to escort Brocius to the county seat for safety.

On December 7, 1880, George W. Parsons noted in his diary that Collins and J.A. "Scotty" Scott had "some pleasantries exchanged" but their bullets missed their intended target. Both gamblers, drunk at the time, were arrested for disturbing the peace.



Courtesy Jeff Morey and Bob Palmquist

George C. "Shotgun" Collins, upon entering the Canon City, Colorado, prison, July 1885.

According to Fred Dodge, after Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce O'Rourke killed Philip Schneider, a posse was formed to protect him from a lynch mob. In the posse were Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, Jack Salmon, "Turkey Creek" Jack Johnson, Doc Holliday, Sherman McMasters, Shotgun Collins, and several others, including Dodge himself. Thus, we have record of two occasions when Collins was working closely with the law in Tombstone.

By March 1881, Collins was constable of Willcox, Arizona Territory. Here he became involved in a shooting scrape when he kicked some tramps off an eastbound passenger train. Charles Wesley Brown called Collins a tinhorn gambler, words which led to shots. Brown's friend, William Watkins, shot and wounded Collins in the neck. On March 4, Brown died from wounds received in the fracas. Collins managed to avoid a lynch mob, supposedly disguised as a woman, according to the Tucson *Citizen* of March 13. He fled to Mexico.

Collins surfaced next in Dodge City, Kansas. On April 16, 1881, he joined Bat Masterson, Neal Brown, and Charles Ronan in a bloodless gunfight with A.J. Peacock and Al Updegraff. All involved were fined and released.

Collins, like many Kansas gambler-lawmen, drifted over to Colorado. By April 1882, he was in Trinidad, where friend Bat Masterson was city marshal.

When Luke Short was kicked out of town in the bloodless "Dodge City War" in the spring of 1883, his calls for help were answered by friends Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Neal Brown, and Shotgun Collins, among others. Eight members of the group who came to Luke Short's aid posed for the famous "Dodge City Peace Commission" photograph, but unfortunately Collins was not one of them.

Collins did, however, pose for a prison photographer on July 11, 1885, when he was booked in the Canon City, Colorado, penitentiary. Collins had shot and killed

Montrose County, Colorado, resident William Norris on February 3, 1885. Collins was tried and convicted on the charge of second degree murder. Sentenced on July 11, he was sent to prison on the same day. Thus we have only the one known photo of Shotgun Collins.

Prison records show him to be a "laborer" from Virginia, thirty-five years old, five feet, seven and one-quarter inches tall, with blue eyes, brown hair, medium complexion and build, and a Rebel flag tattoo as well as distinguishing scars on his neck. He was listed as being single.

Within a few years, Collins' stalwart friends circulated petitions for his pardon. On November 10, 1891, the work of such friends as Earp and Masterson paid off when George C. Collins received an unconditional pardon from Colorado Governor John L. Routt. Like "Mysterious" Dave Mather, who he undoubtedly knew, we know nothing of Shotgun Collins' final fate. He simply disappeared.

Although I have not found a George C. Collins on a Virginia census, the 1880 Pima County, Arizona Territory, census for the village of Charleston, lists a George C. Collins, thirty-six years of age, single, with an occupation of "miner." The census taker recorded Ohio as the state of birth for Collins, with a father born in Virginia.

Much of what we do know of Shotgun Collins can be credited to the research of Jeff Morey and Bob Palmquist.

Pinkerton's Home in Ruins

Tim Dye, Stafford, Kansas, inquires about "The Larches," the home of Allan Pinkerton, located some eighty miles south of Chicago in Iroquois County, Illinois. Tim asks if the house is still standing.

"The Larches" was quite an impressive structure, actually resembling a castle more than a conventional house. Pinkerton's home had three entrances, manned by servants in blue uniforms with gold adornments. The grounds included a race track, a fish pond, and a camp-

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ground, which frequently hosted religious revivals. For security, there was also a large villa with a square tower in which riflemen could scan the area with field glasses. Allan Pinkerton had made more than a few enemies.

In his will, Pinkerton made provisions for his estate to be retained by the family, but over the years it became abandoned. The Iroquois County Historical Society attempted to restore it, but because of a lack funds the palatial home of Allan Pinkerton is now in ruins.

A Lawman Named Hoffman?

Ms. Billye A. Nixon, Blackwell, Texas, requests information on a "Dutch" Hoffman, who was "a lawman in Waco [Texas] around the turn of the century. He was my grandfather and I was always told he was the first sheriff of Waco, Texas."

I have not had much success with this query. The first sheriff of McLennan County, Texas, of which Waco is the county seat, was Robert S. Hulme, who served from 1850-1852. No man named Hoffman has ever been sheriff of McLennan. *The Handbook of Waco and McLennan County, Texas* fails to list anyone named Hoffman/Huffman in the capacity of auditor, county clerk, judge, sheriff, tax assessor, tax collector, treasurer, district clerk, county commissioner, city marshal, chief of police, or mayor.

Not having the 1890 United States census is a great hindrance, but the 1880 census of McLennan County lists only one family named "Hofman." The head of the household is recorded as J.W. Hofman, a forty-nine-year-old farmer, with a wife named Mary and six children ranging in age from eighteen to five years.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST

By Joy Fancher Paul

Ida Cooke, a young cowgirl, bravely herded fourteen head of bawling, frightened cattle into the swift, dangerous Red River. She didn't know the pony she was riding was in the habit of lying down. When the horse started pawing the water, Ida knew she was in trouble.

What was she doing there?

It was 1892, and two heavily loaded covered wagons were in front of the R.R. Cooke home in Wise County, Texas. Ida, one of the Cooke daughters, stood there, tears streaming down her cheeks because she was leaving for the wild Cheyenne-Arapaho country in Indian Territory. Many neighbors, classmates, and friends had gathered to say good-bye as Mr. Cooke, Ida, and two sons, Bill and Henry, were leaving for the long trek to their new home. She knew she would never see these friends again, but she wiped her tears away because she wanted to be brave for her father; he was counting on her to be the chief cook as well as a cowhand on the trip.

Her father had filed a claim on 160 acres near what is now Thomas, Custer County, Oklahoma. He had built a spacious half-dugout with upstairs quarters and a sod roof, then had returned to Texas to get household furnishings and part of his family. Three of Ida's sisters, Fannie, Georgia, and Anna, were to stay behind to see that the last cotton was picked.

That day the wagons left with fourteen head of cattle and two extra horses to help herd the cattle. Two cows had to be milked every morning to supplement the family diet.

As they traveled Ida wondered how it would be to live in the ground, and she wondered about the Indians. She was afraid of them. She had read about the Battle of the Washita in her Texas history book and wondered if the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were really peaceful.

When she was older, Ida reminisced in a letter: "When we got to the Red River it was running high and some of the cows had to be forced to enter the water. Henry was resting and I was riding his Spanish pony. I didn't know that she was in the habit of lying down in the water. The cattle started to go down stream, so to herd them in the right direction I rode down stream to head them off. I could hear the river roaring. I couldn't swim. The horse started pawing the water.

Author's Collection

Del and Ida Fancher in front of their dugout home, Indian Territory.

In the February issue of *True West*:

***The Case Against Wyatt Earp.* By Bob Boze Bell.** The more we find out about the West's most controversial lawman, the farther Wyatt Earp seems to drift away from Straight & Narrowland.

***The Apache Kid's Daughter, Part II.* By Lynda A. Sánchez.** An Apache historian grows ever closer to linking Lupe Fimbres Muñoz with the notorious Apache Kid.

***The Frontier Adventures of Jim McIntire.* By R.K. DeArment.** A study of the life of Jim McIntire, a supposed gunslinger and mankiller of wide notoriety, discloses little to support such a depiction.

***The Brutal Murder of Jennie Bauters.* By Harold L. Edwards.** A Colorado saloon proprietress falls victim to a robbery gone bad.

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***Silver in Sandstone.* By Robert Warnick.** Producing more than ten million dollars in silver, Silver Reef, Utah, enjoyed a short but eventful life that included claim jumping, murder, hanging, and gunfights.

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Father and Brother yelled, 'Keep the pony going.' I thought they said, 'Get off.' so I got off in time to free myself before I got pinned beneath the horse. The November water was cold and swift. Luckily, it was just waist deep.

"When we came to the north rim of the Red River, the following was written on a rock: 'The Indian Territory.' I felt very sad. I laid my head on the rock and had the best cry I had ever had. I realized I had really left my Texas home and was putting down roots in a wild, new country."

The next day the family was traveling on the Old Indian Trail toward the Washita River crossing. It was a warm, fall day with the southwest wind waving the tall, dry prairie grass. Everyone was tired from the long trip, but the cattle had to be herded on.

They could hardly wait for the rain cloud forming in the southwest to cool the air and settle the dust. The black cloud covered the sun. When they saw the leaping red flames, they knew it was not a rain cloud, but a dreaded prairie fire. They quickly herded the cattle near the wagons and started a back fire. The wagons and animals were saved, but one horse tied to the back of a wagon became so excited it broke its rope and took off to who-knows-where. There seemed to be no reason to try to find the horse in the vast country, but just before they entered the Washita River crossing the horse was found in good condition.

As they neared their new home, Ida could hardly wait to see the dugout and the upstairs. The upstairs sounded like her Texas home, but she couldn't imagine how they were going to live in the ground like a prairie dog.

When the wagons arrived at the new home, the furniture was quickly put in place. Ida and her sisters' rooms were to be upstairs. To get there they had to climb a ladder. Ida hadn't worn a smile since she had left Texas until she saw the handmade quilt on her bed, the quilt her mother had made before

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she had died when Ida was five.

The dugout with the dirt floor was far nicer than Ida had dreamed it would be. The table and chairs and cupboard made it look almost like their home back in Texas.

Soon after Ida's sisters arrived from Texas—they had taken a train and had brought the family's greyhounds with them—they were settled in their new home. It wasn't long after this that a handsome young Indian dressed in beaded, leather clothes came on horseback leading a spotted pony. He wanted to trade the pony for Ida's little blond sister, Anna, who became frightened and climbed the ladder to the upstairs, then pulled the ladder up and put a trunk over the opening.

Year later, after her seven children were grown, Ida recorded some of her early-day adventures in letters to them:

"When Father planted the first crop on his homestead, he planted it with a walking sod plow drawn by two horses. He started around a 10x20 foot plot of prairie grass. I often walked behind the plow and dropped kafir seed in every third row. On the way back the plow would cover the seed. In the fall the kafir was cut off at the ground and stacked in shocks.

"In the spring dozens of prairie chickens would come to the same stomping ground to mate. The males strutted, flirted and stomped about displaying their wings and tail feathers. Their sexy call to the hens could be heard for a mile on still mornings. In the fall, dozens of these chickens covered the kafir shocks and destroyed a large percentage of the grain.

"To supplement our diet I would go to the field where the grain was shocked and kill four or five chickens at a time with a shotgun. The chickens would move to another shock and I would follow and reload the gun. Prairie chickens provided delicious meals.

"I walked four and a half miles to the dugout school I attended. The winters were bitter cold and windy; sometimes ice froze on my face, and my hands and feet were numb with cold. In this wild new land only the strong survived.

"No doctors, hospitals nor funeral homes were available. Friends and neighbors laid-out the dead who were generally buried in caskets made from split cedar logs.

"I was attending a church social, a common form of entertainment. Although I was with a date, I flirted with Del Fancher, a handsome homesteader. My date became jealous and so angry he told me to get home the best way I could. Del saw that I had a way home. A romance developed and on October 24, 1897, we were married in the church. I had collected money to help build that church.

"I wore a beautiful white satin wedding dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves. My white lace wedding veil was decorated with small prairie

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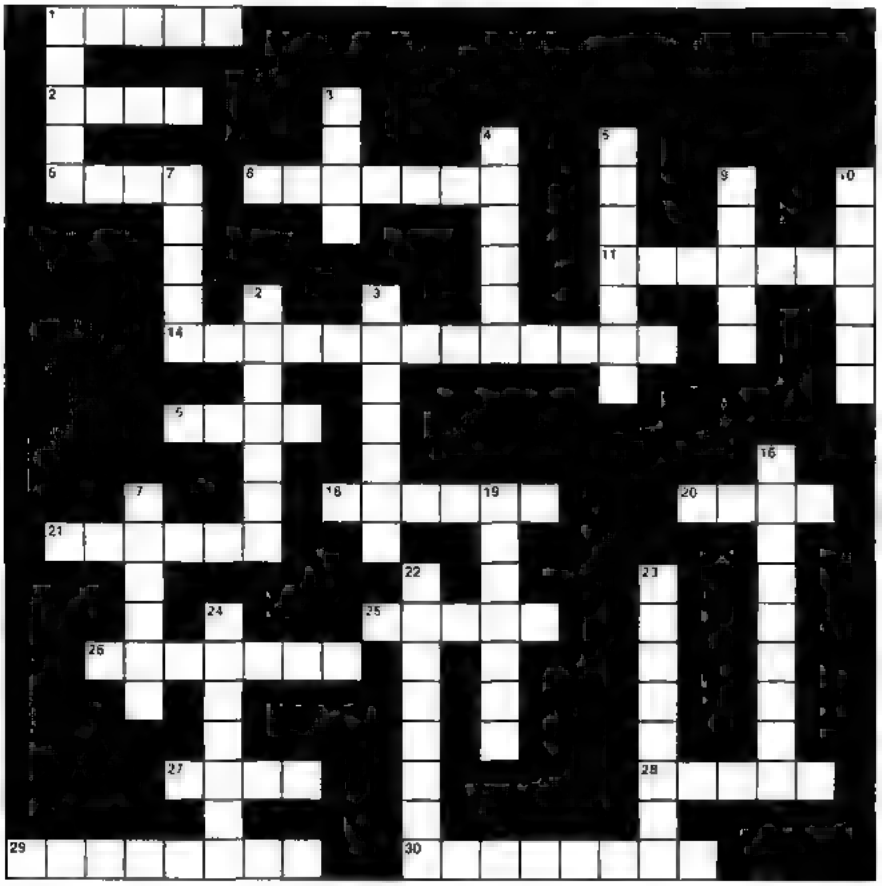

Across

1. Seed that Ida Cook planted
2. State Quantrill is from
6. Alias Quantrill used
8. Name of Pinkerton house
11. Murdered Colorado saloon proprietress
14. A profession of Quantrill's
15. Quantrill's wife
18. Family massacred by Medicine Water and his gang
20. Apache _____
21. Black Bart's real name
25. Female Cheyenne warrior
26. Author of *Thirteen Days of Terror*
27. Slade kept these for watch fobs
28. _____ Forehead, Keeper of the Sacred Arrows
29. Hotel in Lawrence
30. Corral where Slade was hanged

Down

1. Commander of 1 troop
3. Private who became Comanche's caregiver
4. Ailment which spared a man's life from Cole Younger
5. Family that adopted Lupe
7. President of Wells Fargo
9. Medicine _____
10. City where Mark Wilson was killed
12. George "_____" Collins
13. A black frontiersman
16. Official marching song of the 7th Cavalry
17. Raide by Quantrill's gang before Lawrence
19. Major Scott J. _____
22. Horse that survived Little Bighorn
23. Ben _____
24. Where Myles Keogh is born

Due to my human error, December's puzzle was lost. The following are the answers to the clues (had to redo it myself! Whew!). Also, I failed to put the correct puzzle solution in for November. You will find that puzzle on p. 64. Next month's issue will return to the regular schedule

Respectfully
Ann Ruple

Across

1. Geronimo
8. Crawford
10. Lost
14. NezPerce
15. Dobie
16. Kirksville
20. dressmaker
23. Nocona
24. Alamo
25. Johnson
28. Gonzales
29. Naduah
30. Jersey

Down

1. Cox
3. Myers
4. Abilene
5. Buckskin
6. Wise
7. nine
9. Davis
11. Trimier
12. Vikings
13. Montana
17. Martin
18. Guenoc
19. Flood
21. Catlin
22. Flynn
26. Owyhee
27. Dary

roses. We said our vows beneath an altar decorated with scented wild flowers and vines. The little church would not accommodate the crowd Many stood outside waiting for the ceremony to be over so they could congratulate us.

"Wedding gifts from Father were twelve hens and a cow. I moved them and my trunk to our honeymoon cottage, Dell's dugout home.

"I got busy and made a carpet to cover the sod floor. I sewed guney [sic] sacks together and laid them over a layer of corn shucks, then staked them near the walls. They made a surprisingly good carpet.

"The lightening killed our fine horses, which we considered the best in the territory. We mortgaged the cotton, kaffir [sic], and watermelon crops for forty dollars to buy two more horses. Del called them 'Old Pluggs.'

"Nights—moon-lit or dark—were often filled with the beat of the Cheyenne-Arapaho Indians' tom-toms; bone-chilling howls of coyotes and cries of other wild animals were common.

"The winters were very severe. Blowing snow drifted and almost covered the dugout. Strong, howling wind tugged and rattled the dugout door.

"Ethyl, our first baby, died at eighteen months. She was buried in the Mt. Olive Cemetery across the trail from the church. Our hearts were buried with her. Our roots were forever planted in the rolling prairie."

These hardy, self-sustaining pioneers never asked from the government what they could do for themselves. It took strength, stamina, faith in God, and their fellow man to build the sturdy foundation on which the land of the red man is built, which is now known as Oklahoma.

Ida was over ninety years old when she died at her home in Thomas, Oklahoma, March 12, 1969.

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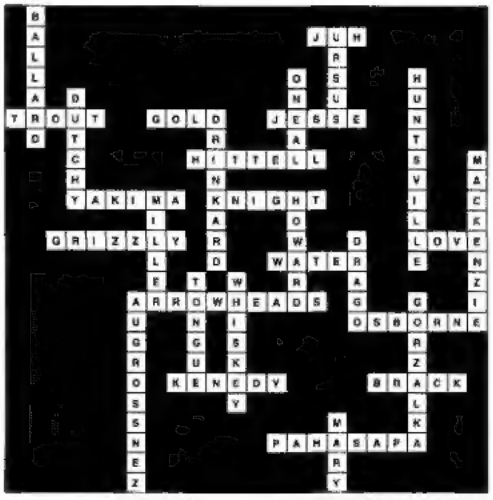

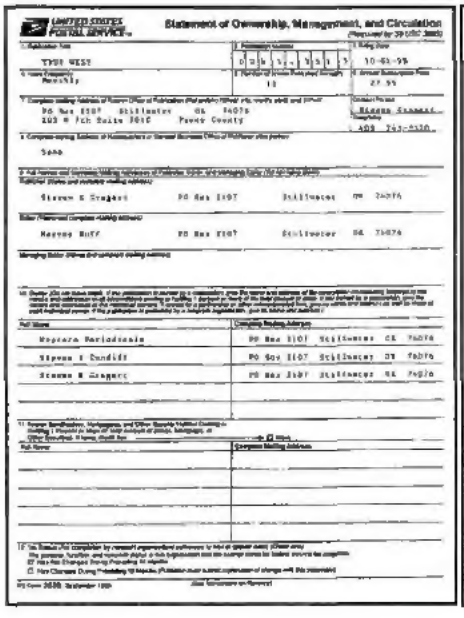
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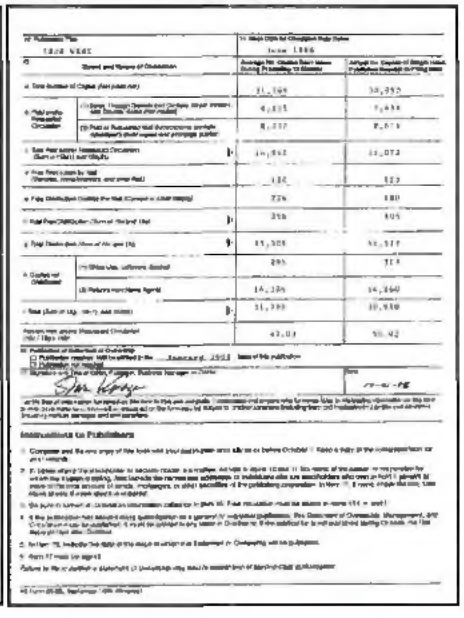

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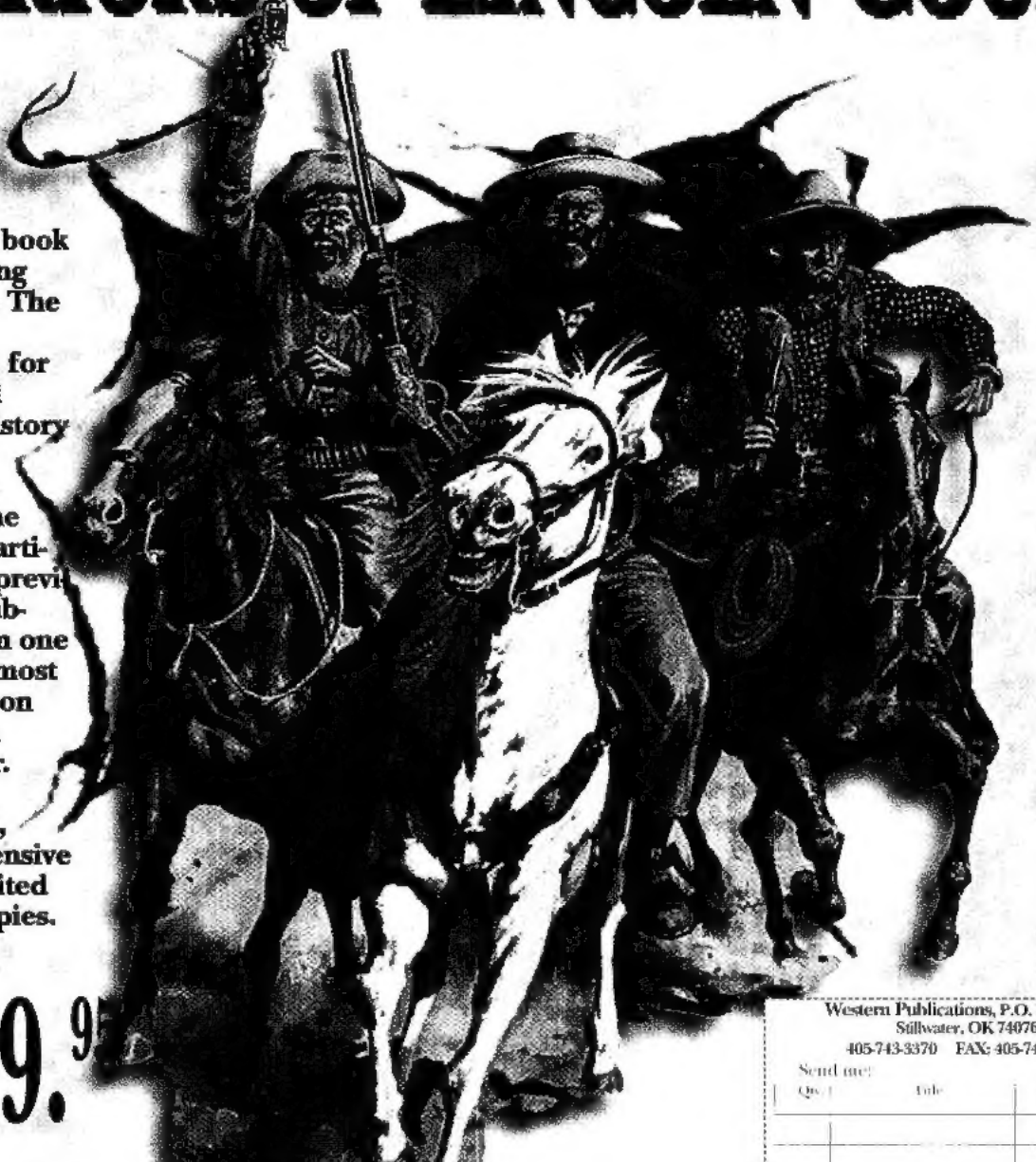

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